

OVID'S  
ELEGIES;  
Or, A  
TRANSLATION  
of his Choicest  
EPISTLES  
To his Lady and Friends.

---

Together with three other Epistles.

*Done by the same Hand.*

---

Nam quanquam sapor est ablata dulcis in unda,  
Gratius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ. *Ovid.*

---

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## The Preface.

**H**E that sets up a sign for Wit, a commodity as sophisticate as that of Wine, one of its near Friends; had need of a choice Cellar, to please the nice Palats of his critical Guests. This made the Author of these set up his Bush over the Cave of the most Ingenious Wit-Merchant Ovid, from whom he derives what he presents you with in the ensuing Elegies. And though he may want the Faculty of sparkling wit out of it, as he pours it forth of one Language into another, yet he gives it you with the same Body, and as it was first inspirited by his Excellent Fancy and Invention. Which was such that perhaps no Poet was ever more beholding to Nature, or made a better return in the Menage of it, though he had not alwaies the Fortune to chuse the best Subjects. Seneca stiles him the Wittiest of all Poets, and St. Augustin the most Excellent. Consequent to whose Opinions he hath had the Eulogies of so many Judicious Persons in all Languages, and all Ages, that to add to their Praises were to get little my self.

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*Some of his Works too have already learnt to speak English, where those that desire it may find a full Account of him and his Life; so that I shall only set him in that Light which is necessary to the reading this Translation by, and take a Review of his Picture as looks towards that.*

*Those Elegies of his Amours were writ in his Youth, which he seems to have devoted wholly to love: and though the Lightness of the Subject may perhaps not canvas with the Humour of the Grave, yet may there be as good use made of them, as Virgil did of Ennius, whose Verses were as beastly in another Kind, Aurum ex stercore colligere, Gold gathered out of a Dung-hill. And if the Ladies of this be but as kind to him as those of the same Age were, and as they ought in Justice to him that hath obliged their fair Sex with all the endearing Expressions that Wit or Love could invent, to tickle their Servants fancies withal, they will in Gratitude make a party to absolve him for Writing aswell as me for Dressing these few of them in English. But I fear there needs no Apology for that Side: 'tis the other Face of the Janus, those Readers that think there can be no wit where there is no Obscenity that will cast the severest Eye on this Translation. I confess I have not only reduced his three Books to one, leaving out the most Lascivious, and other Elegies not so rich*

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*rich in wit as their Neighbours but in those that I have translated I have been bold to retrench his Fancy when obscene; and where the whole Picture would bear it without much Alteration of the Features, to refine his lascivious Colours, and present them in a more modest Dye. I wish I could excuse all other Faults in this Work as easily as this. For certainly of all the several Scenes that Wit acts in, that of Obscenity is the Worst. Wit is a pure subtle Flame, and by Nature the brightest Emanation of the Soul: which if fixt on any beastly Subject loses its most Noble Property, that of Splendour, and only retains an immodest Heat, to fire the Readers Heart, and then goes out like an ignis fatuus and leaves at best but an ill savour behind it. For whatsoever Nature hath made a Shame to the Eyes, she intended should be so to the Ears: and the Reading or Hearing any immodest Action is but a view of it at second Hand, and those that copy such Pictures in Writing but the immediate Painters of their own, and remote Incendiaries of others Lust, wherefore we must conclude with the best of Poets that — 'tis just*

The Authour blush there where the Reader must.

*As for the other Part, those Elegies of his Troubles, they were writ in the Time of his*

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*Banishment, and entituled Tristia, or his Troubles, from the Affliction he lay under when he wrot them, of these he composed five Books, and four more of the same Nature, only different in title called de Ponto, from whence he wrot them, out of all which I have only made a Collection, and most of those Elegies that were written as short Familiar Epistles to his Lady and Friends at Rome: not being willing to translate them all as they lay, lest I should make them my own and my Readers Troubles now, as truly as they were the Authors heretofore. And yet I must needs own he hath so Artificially drawn the Picture of his Affliction that he hath rendered his own bitter Condition sweet to his Readers, and made his Misery prove their Felicity, and which is most admirable, notwithstanding the Cloud he was under, his Genius was naturally such to Poetry, and his Command over his Passions so great, that he suffered them not to eclipse the Glory of his Wit, but writes Verses in the midst of a Stormy Sea and Fortune, and shines no less at the Northern Pontus then he did at Rome. I know Mr. Cowley seems to be of another Opinion in his Ingenious Preface to his English Works: A Person of such Excellent Judgment that I cannot but distrust my own wheresoever it agrees not with his. But I take the Meaning of what he there delivers*  
to

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to be no other than this : That those that would communicate any Passion or Delight to others, must first have it in themselves, and that either really or by the Strength and Force of their Imagination : and where any Affliction or Heaviness of Mind hath tuned the Soul to a cross Key from entertaining Pleasure in its self 'tis impossible to impart it to others, This he Exemplifies in Ovid ; who whilst he lived in the Delights of Rome, and the Court of Augustus, his Muse still came forth drest like his Fortune in the sprightly Habiliments of Love and Joy, but no sooner was the Scene of his Life shifted into Scythia, but she immediately lays by all those happy Ornaments and with his Fate appears in mourning. But Mr. Cowley denies not that it is the same Beautiful Face, the same wit, and perhaps better Judgment, that entertains us at Tomos and at Rome. For he was too well acquainted with the best Judge of Men, and Poetry, Horace, not to know, that nunc non erat his locus ; it was not a Time to be telling us of his Amours, and the soft Darts the Ladies of Rome, had stuck in his Heart, when he was expecting every hour the poisonous shaft of some Barbarous Scythian to end his Life : or Cupressum simulare, as the same Author phrases it ; to paint the enticing Delights of Sulmo to his Mistress, when he had undertaken  
to



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*to present us with a Picture of his Shipwrack  
Fortunes. This he observes himself;*

*Læta fere lætus cecini ; cano tristia tristis.*

*Conveniens operi tempus utrumque suo.*

*Joyful of Joies, when sad of Misery*

*I sing ; my Time and Subject still agree.*

*Besides there is no less Pleasure in a Scene  
of sorrow if presented to the Life, then in the  
brightest Images of Joy and Content. And  
seldom is the Passion of Love well described  
without it : For Grief and Affliction are the  
Shadows in the Picture of Love, which mixt  
with the Light of those Gentle Flames, create  
those Colours that serve best to copy its por-  
traiture to Human Eyes. And certainly of  
all Passions there is none more infectious when  
Real, nor more naturally moving when Imagi-  
nary, then that of Sorrow. It subtilly insinu-  
ates it self into the most stubborn Breast, and  
the Tears that drop from the Eyes of the Af-  
flicted, run into and mix with the Melting  
Heart of the Beholder. Nor can we expect a  
better Description of it from any, then those  
that have had the dear Experience of it. And  
though our Author has done it to the Life  
in*

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*in many of his most Excellent Pieces, as his Myrrha, his Althæa, his Niobe, and most of his forsaken Ladies in his Epistles, yet there he performed it only by the Strength of his Fancy, here by his own Experience; there he shews us what he Imagined those Persons endured, here what he himself had suffered. And as A. Gellius tells us of one Polus a famous Actor of Athens; who being to personate Electra, in one of Sophocles his Tragedies, lamenting her Brothers Death, brought the Urn of his newly deceased Son upon the Stage and instead of presenting the feigned passion of a Sister, became a Real Actor in the Tears and Grief of a Sonless Father.*

—— Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipse tibi ——

*So our Author writes here in his own Tears; that he may be read by the weeping Eyes of others; and sets his Miseries in such a Light, as may move a pleasing Pitty in the Hearts of his Beholders.*

*His Stile in these Elegies is familiar and easy, which I have attempted as near as I could in the English: And what in such Cases he recommends;*



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Sit tibi credibilis sermo, consuetaque verba,  
Blanda tamen, præsens ut videre loqui.

With easy winning Words thy Lines should  
woo her,  
Yet moving too as if thou spoke them to  
her.

*His Expression such as best suits with the  
naked Passion and Tenderness of Mind, he opens  
in them to his Wife and Friends, neither are  
they so full of that libertine Fancy he so indul-  
ged in his Youth, but spun out of more solid  
Thoughts, and settled Affections: which were  
such toward his Lady and Friends that after  
six or seven Tears absence from them he seems  
to have as fresh a Sense of their former Kindness,  
as if he had been but newly deprived of those  
dear Desires of his Eyes.*

*Out of which we cannot but gather him to  
have been of a most Sweet, Tender Nature and  
even Disposition, which with his most Excel-  
lent Wit and gentile courtly behaviour had  
rendered him amiable in the Eyes of all, but  
especially the Nobility of Rome, for in his  
Books de Ponto where he puts the Names of his  
Friends*

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*Friends (which he concealed in his Tristibus, lest it might any way prejudice them with Augustus,) we find them to have been Persons of the Highest Rank and Quality in the Empire, as those that have been at all acquainted with the Histories of that Age cannot be to seek: But how, notwithstanding his Own, his Wives and such powerful Friends addresses to the Emperor (who we may be sure left not one Stone unmoved to procure it) he should come to be confined so long to such a Barbarous Place, and not so much as obtain the Exchange of his Place of Punishment, or what his Crime might be that deserved so sharp a Penance and yet not Death, the Reader I know will expect something. 'Tis true that all our Grammarians since his time have made it their Business to find out the hidden Cause of his Banishment but 'tis as true that they have left it, what perhaps it will alwaies be, undetermined, for after we have taken a view of their several Opinions: The Love of Julia, the Incest of Cæsar, the Lasciviousness of his Poems, and come to suit them with what he hath left concerning it, they will not any of them cloath the Sense of his Words. Only Mr. Dryden following the little Light he hath given in his Verses into it, seems to have hit upon the true Cause. To wit, that he had by some Inadvertency stumbled upon the Privacies of the Empress Livia. And since there is not*

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*So much as a Footstep left in Antiquity, or any Author but himself, concerning it, and that only this doth make good all those Places where he makes an obscure Mention of it, we cannot acquiesce more safely in any Opinion than this. In his Epistle to Augustus (with whom he durst be more plain concerning it) he blames the Misfortune of his Eyes in beholding a Forbidden Object;*

*Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?*

*Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?*

*Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,*

*Præda suis canibus non minùs ille fuit.*

*And in another Elegy to one of his Friends,*

*Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina plector,*

*Peccatumq; oculos est habuisse meos.*

*And constantly professes his Offence to have been a Crime of Errour and Chance, not of Malice, though he owns that he could not totam defendere culpam, which perhaps might be by Contributing to the Occasion or Revealing of it afterwards. And as he never mentions Livia, but with the highest Respect and Praise of her Modesty,*

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*Modesty, so he so earnestly presses his Lady that he even seems to take it unkindly from her, that she did not overcome her Fears to address herself to the Empress for him, giving her withal that particular caution not to mention his Offence, in her Petition; that we cannot but conclude that she was the cause of his Banishment. Besides, had his Crime been any thing else, why should his Hopes leave him when Augustus left the World? why was he not called home (for he lived a Year or more after) by his Successour Tiberius? Certainly the Mediation of so many powerful Friends, and some of them so much in Favour with the Emperour, would have prevailed upon him at a time, when he made it his Chief Study to oblige all, and court the People into a belief of his Lenity, by covering his cruel and vitious Disposition with a veil of Clemency; had not the no less Imperious then Politick Livia interposed her Authority, who at the beginning of his Reign ruled him more than he did the Empire; though it afterwards brought her into his Disfavour, and bred a publick Difference betwixt them, as both Suetonius and Tacitus have remarked unto us.*

*But I need not give my Reader the Trouble of Discoursing it any farther, since Mr. Drydens  
single*

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*single Suffrage will be of more Weight then all I can produce to the Confirmation of this Opinion. So that I shall Supersede the Labour of writing, any more upon this particular aswel as giving my Opinion concerning Translations in general. For the same Author hath so ingeniously distinguisht the several Species's of Translation, and so judiciously allotted to every one their particular Praise and Character giving the Chief Palm to that which alone deserves it and can properly be termed Translation that I dare not presume to add any thing of my own upon that Subject.*

*As for what concerns my self in the ensuing Version I cannot pretend to any thing, but that I have been true and faithful to my Authors Sense: and though I have drawn a veil before the too naked Beauties of some of those Elegies in his Amours, and in that to Augustus abridged the beginning, as no other than a kind of Preface to the rest, and cut off the latter half of it as too Tedious for any to read but those that understand the Language it was wrote in; yet in the rest I have turned them almost Line for Line, and as near as the Language and my own Abilities would permit, in the same Stile and Expression. I have likewise rendered some of them after both the other ways of Paraphrase and Imitation, to shew the Reader,*



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*Reader, that I took not up this way, which is much more difficult, out of Necessity, but Election. To these I have added also two of his Epistles with one written in Imitation of his, as from his Lady: not that I pretend to better the Translations of those Gentlemen that have performed it already, especially that of Dido to Æneas, but having rendered them in Verse before I heard of the other, and intending to bestow that idle time I employed on these Elegies, in teaching more of them to speak English, till I found my self happily prevented by so many better Pens, I was willing to let the World see them with the rest that those who shall bind themselves Apprentice to the Art of Translation (as all ought to do that expect to arrive at any perfection in Poetry) may by perusing these several Copies see how the Original Sense and thoughts of the Author may be preserved entire, and yet drest in a different way and expression in them all.*

*The End therefore of Translating these, has been first my own Improvement, in the Employment of a few idle hours,*

*Cum benè quæsieris quid agam, magis utile  
nil est,*

*Artibus his quæ nil utilitatis habent.*

*The Publishing of them, the Benefit and Delight  
of*

## The Preface.

*of others; and if any of my Acquaintance shall reap either Profit or Pleasure by them, I shall receive no less Satisfaction then if they knew who had obliged them with the unknown Present. However whose Candour shall either condemn or commend, what is worthy of it,*

Jure tibi grates candide Lector ago,

To you

Readers, for both my Thanks are justly due.

---

OVID'S

---



# OVIDS ELEGIES.

## The First Book.

### *Of his Amours.*

#### ELEGIE I.

*How he was forc't by Cupid to write of  
Love instead of Wars.*

**O**F Wars in grave Heroick Notes I first did  
(chuse  
To Sing, and to them equall'd both my  
(Verse and Muse.

When strait the soft God smil'd, and to requite me for't;

Stole one and made my Verse a Foot to short.

Ah Tyrant-Boy thus to usurp anothers Throne!

Y Poets not thee but *Phæbus* their God own.

Would'st thou thy self warlike *Minerva's* reign approve;

To change her Arms with the fair Queen of Love?

Or would it handfom in *Diana* be to yield'

Her Woods to *Ceres*, and go plough the Field?

Or for *Apollo* Brave great Minds with War t' inspire;

And Stern *Mars* sing to his soft melting Lyre?

Thy empire's but too large thou powerful God of Love;

And no new Conquest need thy Realm improve.

What though thou moving rul'st throughout the Worlds

Hast thou to *Helicon* a private claim? (whole Frame,

Thou'lt sure take *Phæbus* Lyre too as thou hast done

His scepter now is hardly safe for thine. (mine.

When well on six Feet my first stately verse doth thrive,

Thou cut'st off one, and mak'st it halt on five.

Nor wilt thou let me any better subject chuse,

Than some soft Maid as gentle as my Muse.

Thus I complain'd when the dear Tyrant of my Heart

From's golden Quiver drew a fatal Dart:

And cry'd, as surely as this Shaft thy Breast doth pierce,

Thou never shalt want matter for thy Verse.

Ah me! His Bow and words were both too sure I prove,

My melting heart now flames all o're with Love:

Then farewell noble Wars and all Heroick Things;

I to my Subject now must tune my Strings.

And weave for my unfeebled Muse a Myrtle Crown,

Whose verse henceforth but on five Feet shall run.

ELEGY

## ELEGY II.

*To Appease his Mistress whom he had struck.*

**N**OW I am sober some good Friend come bind  
 My hands ; whil'st I grow penitently kind.  
 For sure I was distracted when I prov'd,  
 So wild t' abuse the charming Face I lov'd,  
 I might as well in that mad fit of mine,  
 Have struck my Parents, or the Pow'rs Divine.  
 As Godlike *Aajx* once his Wits did lose.  
 And stab'd meek bleating Lambs for his fierce Foes ;  
 Or mad *Orestes*, impiously good,  
 Reveng'd his Fathers in his Mothers blood ;  
 So did my rude hands violate her Dress ;  
 And made her pretty in unhandfomness.  
 For even then she look'd divinely fair ;  
 Her loose dishevel'd Tresses did appear  
 Like bright *Atlantas* chasing the swift Deer.  
 Or Beauteous *Ariadnes* when she stood  
 To eye false *Theseus* on the flying Flood.  
 Such was *Cassandra's* too, or not so fair ;  
 When sacred Fillets ty'd her golden Hair.

Yet though I prov'd thus barb'rous and unkind,  
 She only by her silence spoke her mind.  
 And with her looks arraign'd my strange Offence,  
 Then brought her Tears in for the Evidence.

Ah ! would that I had lost my impious Hands  
 Ere they perform'd my angers base commands.  
 Would from my Shoulders they had drop'd before,  
 Her lovely golden Hair I rudely tore.  
 But since my sacrilegious rage they serv'd,  
 They shall be manicl'd as they have deserv'd.  
 The meanest Citizen affronted so,  
 Would not have let my Crime unpunish'd go.  
 But strait abridg'd my hands their liberty :  
 And shall my Mistress have less right than he ?  
 Rash *Diomedes* was the first did dare  
 To strike a Goddess ; I the second were.  
 Yet he was more to be excus'd than I ;  
 Who struck my Friend, he but his Enemy.

Oh then with Laurel bind my conqu'ring Brows,  
 Whil'st I in triumph ride to pay my Vows.  
 Let the soft Captive to adorn the Show  
 Before my Chariot humbly fetter'd go,  
 With heavy looks and sad dishevel'd Hair ;  
 And Checks, but for my blows, divinely fair.  
 Whil'st the glad Crowds resound my conqu'ring Name :  
 Lo him, that a poor feeble Maid o'recame !  
 Such as soft pressing Kisses should alone,  
 Her flowing Blood into a Blush have drawn.  
 Whose tender Neck no other bruise should prove,  
 But the kind liv'ry of too eager Love.  
 Yet if my passion needs a vent must find ;  
 That like a hasty torrent swell'd my mind :  
 'T had been enough some few harsh words t' have said ;  
 Too heavy blows for a soft tender Maid.

Or to have tore her Gown and left her Breast  
Naked, and let her Girdle save the rest.

But I hard-hearted man was not content,  
with so ingenious, mild a punishment.  
But with a barb'rous rage tore off that Hair,  
And struck the Cheeks that were so charming fair.  
Whil'st she, poor soul, look'd like a living Death;  
Or some pale Statue, that wants only Breath.  
And as the Air tun'd to a gentle Breez,  
Dances the Quav'ring Leaves of Popular Trees;  
Or hollow Reeds quake when they feel the Wind;  
Fear shook her trembling Body to her mind.  
Till soft unwilling Show'rs fell down apace,  
And dropt like melting Snow from her white Face.  
My Heart strait knew its guilt by its kind pain;  
And told those Tears in drops of Blood again.  
But at her injur'd Feet whilst I did lye:  
And kindly pœnitent for pardon cry;  
She with too just disdain still put me by.  
Ah cruel fair do but forgive my crime;  
And print thy anger on this Face of mine,  
In far worse Char'cters than I did on thine.  
Tear off my hair; pull forth these partial Eies,  
That did so ill thy charming beauty prize.  
Whilst I thy joyful Martyr gladly bow  
And kiss the dear white Hands that make me so.  
And lest the signs of my Offence remain,  
My angry Fair go dress thy self again.



## ELEGY III.

*Why he writes of his Amours rather than  
the Giants Wars.*

**I** Too write these, that my own sins proclaim;  
Vainglorious Trumpet to my wanton shame.  
You that are grave read not my youthful Rimes;  
Your Tragick Faces fit not my soft Lines.  
But such kind Maids as melt in their Loves Arms;  
And unexperienc'd Youths in Ladies Charms:  
With those who once the self same Wounds did prove  
And know the old tracks of their bleeding Love.  
Who reading mine shall own their former Flame,  
And think that I have there describ'd the same.  
Remember they had such a pleasing pain;  
Just so they died and so they liv'd again.

Once I the Wars of Heaven did essay,  
The Gods and Giants battels to display.  
How Hills on Hills they tower'd; and did tell,  
How the great Hundred-handed Giant fell.  
Jove and his Thunder in my hands then were;  
which he so well did for his Heaven bear.  
When strait my Mistress shut her doors, and I  
Let fall my Thunder, and did prostrate lye.  
Pardon me *Jove*, if I thy arms resign;  
My Mistress Bolts have far more pow'r than thine!

And

And I must try her hardn'd Doors to pierce  
 With my soft native Weapons, easy Verse.  
 Which oft hath stopt the Sun in his Career;  
 And list'ning Moon its charming notes to hear.  
 Drave back a rapid Rivers murm'ring Tide;  
 And humbled the fierce Serpents hissing Pride.  
 To open locks too, Verse hath pow'rful Charms,  
 And let poor Lovers to their Mistress Arms.

What doth it me avail, to write in vain,  
 Of Swift *Achilles*, or Great *Ajax* strein?  
 To tongue my words and Noble *Hector* praise:  
 Or *Trophies* to *Ulysses* labours raise?  
 But when I praise a handsom Lady, she  
 Oft gives her self to be the Poets fee.  
 And since I have so tempting a reward,  
 Such Heroes fancied deeds Ile nere regard.  
 Young Ladies then let me your Favor prove,  
 And only my soft Verse, as I you love.

ELEGY IV.

To Græcinus.

*That he loved two at the same time.*

I Well remember midst my pleasing pain,  
 When thou didst this false Paradox maintain;  
 That One could nere two Mistresses adore:  
 But thy false Logick Ile beleive no more.

I love



I love two now both dear Twins of my Heart;  
 Nor know I which deserves the greatest part.  
 This seems most Beautiful, and that most Fair;  
 This pleases best, yet that's my greatest Care.  
 This takes me with her Eyes and sprightly dress;  
 The other moves me too with both no less.  
 So that my Bark by different Winds is tost,  
 And one Flame by another kindly crost.  
 Why *Cupid* shouldst thou load me thus with Love:  
 Was not one Mistress misery enough?  
 Thou might'st as well add Leaves to the green Trees;  
 Or Stars to th' Skies and Waves unto the Seas.  
 Yet I had rather so than not at all  
 To love; may that curse on my 'En'myes fall!  
 May those that hate me love to lye alone;  
 And all those soft delights be still unknown.  
 But let me to the full those pleasures prove;  
 Pleasures that only suit with Night and Love.  
 And if one Mistress service cannot do,  
 To break my Heart, let me then die by two!  
 How happy is that Breast in its kinds smart,  
 Which Fate shall pierce with Loves dear cruel Dart!  
 With noble Death let this man buy a name;  
 And write in Blood the Annals of his Fame.  
 Another ride to fetch the *Indies* home;  
 And make the Waves he liv'd upon his Tomb:  
 But, oh ye Gods! if you will grant my wish,  
 Let me breath forth my Soul in Loves sweet bliss.  
 That so my Friends when they my end shall see,  
 May cry; *How well thy Life and Death agree!*

E L E G Y V.

Paraphras'd.

*On his Mistress going to Sea.*

**T**He first bold Ship that ever plough'd the Main  
 Came laden back with Golden-Fleece again.  
 Had that but pay'd the price of its new sin ;  
 And to the rest a just example bin :  
*Corinna*, my far richer Prize would be,  
 Lockt in her Lovers Arms, and safe with me.  
 But, ah ! The false smiles of the flatt'ring Sea,  
 Prevail, and court my Mistress now away.  
 Yet turn Dear Fugitive, and safe incline,  
 Thy yeelding Heart, to the kind pray'rs of mine.  
 Whilst I pour forth my mind in to thy ears ;  
 And tell thy dangers to thee with my tears.  
 See the kind Bark's unwilling to receive thee ;  
 And dances back as if it fain would leave thee.  
 The Silver Tears drop from the weeping Oars,  
 To row thee off unkindly from the Shores.  
 And though the Seas have calm'd their looks to meet  
 So fair a Guest, and smiling kiss thy Feet ;  
 When they have till'd thee from the distant Shore,  
 They'l strait begin to shew their faithless pow'r.  
 And from th' *Aeolian* Hills the Winds set free,  
 To raise up greater Mountains on the Sea.

Strait all the Waves will, with a sudden Tide,  
 In fury after one another ride.  
 And gallop ore the Main, to overtake  
 Thy Ship, and force it in some dismal wrack.  
 The Heav'ns will grow wrath too to see thee there,  
 Shining upon the Deep like a bright Star.  
 And pour down such new Seas, as if they meant  
 To raise thee that way to their Firmament:  
 Whilst the fierce Sea lest it should lose its Prize,  
 Attacques the Ship and ev'ry cement tries.  
 Batters it round with rough Artillerie,  
 To make a breach and come at last to thee.  
 And the poor Bark that ev'ry Billow scales,  
 Leaps up and down from Hills to watry Dales.  
 Bounds headlong o're the restless Floud, and tries  
 To hasten on the ruin which it flies.

For now pale Deaths rise from some fatal strand:  
 And visible in horrid colours stand.  
 One looks tow'rd thee and not content to see  
 Thy single fate, paints it with miserie.  
 Sets in a charming series to thy sight,  
 All that did ever yet thy soul delight.  
 Thy Friends thy Countrey, and the Joys of *Rome*,  
 And last doth thy poor dying *Ovid* come.  
 Who did by strange connexion in thee live,  
 And cannot if he would thy Fate survive.  
 When he in these Memoirs hath dipt his Dart:  
 And shew'd thee what it is from all to part;  
 Hee'l stick the bitter Shaft in thy sweet Breast;  
 And make thy soft Limbs some rough Fishes Feast.

Ah then, *my Dearest*, ere it be to late,  
 Fly to my Arms, and there avoid thy Fate.  
 Ile show thee Death in far more pleasing forms,  
 And wreck thy Soul in Loves delightful storms.  
 But thou art now as deaf to my kind pray'r,  
 As strait the Seas, will be to thine I fear.  
 Then by thy presence since thou art content,  
 To make the Sea, the richest Element :  
 I'll praises of my Accusations make,  
 And court it to a Calm for thy Dear sake.

Thou Silver Floud that with a winding maze,  
 Lockst up the Earth within thy kind embrace :  
 And like a tender Mother giv'st it Food ;  
 Sending through all its Veins thy flowing Blood ;  
 Receive my *Dear Corinna*, with a Face,  
 As smooth and sweet as ever Natures was.  
 Lay by your sullen Countenance a while ,  
 And look on her until you learn to smile.  
 Let each good *Siren* with her Charming voice ,  
 Kind *Galatea* and the rest rejoyce,  
 To meet a Goddess far more bright than they ;  
 The Fair Inhabitants of the Silver Sea.  
 Let Sounding *Tritons* play and *Sea-Nymphs* sing ;  
 And sportive *Dolphins* make an *Am'rous* Ring,  
 About her Ship, whilst *Proteus* Scaly Sheep  
 Flock round from all the Liquid Roads oth' Deep,  
 To meet in Triumph and Dance round the place,  
 To th' visible Musick of her Charming Face.

Let no Rough, Angry Billow dare to frown,  
 But kiss her Feet, and there in peace lye down.  
 And soft as Lovers Breath the gentle Gales,  
 Whisper a Passage to the pregnant Sails :  
 And tune them softly as she rides along,  
 To make the Ship dance to their pleasing song.

Thus in your liquid Countrey while you keep,  
 And welcom my bright Mistress on the Deep :  
 With kind inviting looks her passage Court,  
 And bring her back Safe to the joyful Port;  
 You'll find a Lover there with eager Charms,  
 Stand ready to receive her in his Arms.  
 And with a thousand melting *Am'rous* Kisses,  
 Soft Tears, short Sighs, and kind disorder'd Wishes;  
 Welcom her to the Shore, whose cheerful Eyes  
 Have freed my Soul from Seas of Miseries.  
 And made those Ages I endur'd of pain,  
 'Twixt Hopes and Fears till she came back again;  
 Seem shorter than this Minutes one delight;  
 That gives me back her Dear, her Welcom sight.

ELEGY VI.

*To his Mistress with a Ring.*

GO happy *Emblem* of my constant Heart,  
 Clasp in thy Golden Arms the smallest Part,  
 Of that Dear Whole, thy Master should embrace;  
 Were she as kind and willing as her Face.  
 Mayst thou fit her as well as she would me,  
 And with that Part as I with all agree.  
 When thou arriv'st at her Fair Hand shee'l take,  
 Thee kindly up, and kifs thee for my sake:  
 Ah how I envy now ev'n what I make!  
 And wish I could, by some strange Art, become  
 My own bright Gift, and be in its blest Room!  
 Then when my Mistress Hand should steal into  
 Her naked Bosom soft and white as Snow;  
 I'de off the Finger slide I kindly prest,  
 And melting lye on her Warm, Tender Breast.  
 And when her secret Letters she would seal  
 (So they be none but such as I like well;)  
 That I the better off the Wax may slip,  
 I first must tast the Nectar of her Lip.  
 If to her Pocket she would me prefer  
 I'de kindly press her Hand and hold it there.

Nor shall I be any Disgrace My Dear;  
 Or such a burthen thou needst Fear to wear.

And



And when thou bath'st thy self, Oh! let me ride,  
 On thy soft Finger through the wanton Tide.  
 But ah! should I thy naked Beauty see,  
 I sure should wish again my self to be,  
*Alas!* In Vain I fancy such a Bliss;  
 Then take my Heart (*My Dear*) and with it This.

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## ELEGY VII.

*To his Mistress, to invite her into  
 the Country.*

**S**ulmo the small, but healthful seat *My Dear*,  
 Courts thee to come, and still detains me here.  
 Where though the Sun in all his Burning pride,  
 Inflam'd with Seirious rage doth scorching ride;  
 The tender Soil with a soft native Dew,  
 Sweats forth green Herbs, and Weeps before the Plow.  
 Fair Purple Vines the Fruitful Fields adorn,  
 Green-berry'd Olives, and rich Golden Corn.  
 Whilst moisture melts into the Earths embrace  
 Under green Coverlets of freshest Grass.  
 Yet all this Beauty is like yours unkind,  
 And yields no pleasure to a Love-sick mind:  
 Whilst my Flame's absent; ah, how I mistake!  
 Not that it is so, but she doth it make.

And



And would *Jove* place me in his Starry Sphere,  
I should refuse unless that thou wert there.

May then their Souls with the same Fate be curst,  
Of Wandring still, that found out High-ways first!  
Or if they needs remoter Parts must know,  
They should have taught our Mistresses to go  
With their poor dying, banisht Lovers too.  
Then o're the craggy Alps though I should pass,  
They would seem smooth and pleasant as thy Face.  
With thee I could a Billows back bestride;  
And smile on Death as I to Ruin ride.  
Or in thy Company by *Scylla* steer;  
And on *Malea* sail without a Fear.  
Nor should I dread *Charybdis* Gulf would drown;  
That sucks in Ships, and swallows them whole down.  
Or if fierce *Neptune* ere should cast away  
Our Ship, and Gods that guard it on his Sea;  
Cast but thy Arms about my Neck, and proud,  
Of the sweet load, Ple stem the Silver-Floud:  
And like kind *Hero* make my Arms my Oars  
To row my Dear freight to the distant Shores.

But here though Vines bend with their lusty pride;  
Soft purling streams along the *Meadows* glide:  
Whose Tide the Husbandman with Grateful pains  
Turns through the Fields and fills its Artful Veins:  
Whilst the green Trees talk with the Summer Gales;  
And to each other Whisper their soft Tales:

Yet

Yet without thee all these no Pleasures yield;  
 And pleasant *Sulmo* looks like some rough Field,  
 Of the green painted *Britains* Northern Isle,  
 Or horrid Desarts of a Barren Soil.  
 Here too the *Elm* that Loves, enjoys its Vine;  
 But, I alas! cannot do so by mine.  
 Though you did swear by what you priz'd most Dear,  
 These Eyes of mine ere this you would be here.  
 But *Ladies* empty promises I find  
 Are light as new fal'n Leaves that ride the Wind.  
 Yet if thou car'st either for them or me,  
 Oh make thy Deeds and Words at last agree!  
 And in thy Winged Chariot get and steer,  
 The swift foot Horse to bring thee quickly here.  
 And you Proud Hills, that shall my Mistress meet,  
 Stoup down into a Plain and kiss her Feet.  
 And winding Vales show her no hind'ring Maze;  
 But send her quickly to my kind Embrace.

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## E L E G Y VIII.

*To Macer, why he writes of Love.*

**W**Hilst brave *Achilles* deeds are done Agen,  
 Inverse ( Dear *Macer* ) by thy Noble Pen;  
 I lye and languish in a Myrtle Grove,  
 And only write of the soft Wars of Love.

Yet

Yet I too have essay'd oft to grow wise;  
 And try'd my Mistress Favours to despise.  
 But when I bid her Leave me, with a Frown;  
 She'd smiling come, and in my lap sit down.  
 And when I gravely told her of my shame;  
 And that to keep her I had lost my Fame:  
 She'd sigh, and worth a Kingdom drop a Tear;  
 And cry, Is it a shame to love, my Dear?  
 Then round my Neck her melting white Arms lay;  
 Till she had kist my Virtue quite away.  
 The thoughts of all strange Hero's overcome;  
 I write my own Domestick Wars at home.  
 And yet I once stole so much Wit from those,  
 As did a Tragedy not ill compose.  
 But *Cupid* on the Stage my Muse did meet,  
 With her grave Cloak, and Buskins on her Feet.  
 And smil'd to think how prettily her Hand,  
 With as soft looks a Scepter would command.  
 But hence my Mistress soon her Poet drew,  
 And triumpht o're her young Tragædian too.

What then I may, I write of gentle Love;  
 And by experience my own Doctrine prove.  
 Or else I shew *Penelope's* chaste Fears;  
 And send to false *Demophoon* *Phyllis* Tears.  
 Or paint poor dying Souls to *Macareus*,  
 Ingrateful *Jasen*, and *Hippolytus*.  
 Make *Helen* Kind as she was Fair; and tell,  
 The melting words of *Dido* ere she fell.

And set Soft *Sappho* to her melting Lyre,  
 With dying flames her *Phaon* to inspire,  
 All which my Dear *Sabinus* had essay'd  
 To imitate, and grateful answers made.  
 Nor doth thy Muse disdain with noble Arms,  
 To mix sometimes the pow'r of Loves soft Charms.  
 And to thy brave *Achilles* deeds doth joine  
 Heart-stealing *Paris* and fair *Helens* crime.  
 Shews how *Laodamia* dy'd to prove  
 She priz'd her Life less than her dearer Love.  
 And if I know thee well, thou tak'st delight  
 Of such fair Ladies more than Arms to write;  
 And in their Camp hadst rather learn to fight.

---

ELEGY IX.

*To his Rival, to look more narrowly  
 to his Wife.*

**I**F in thy Wife thou do'st no pleasure take,  
 Poor easy Man, yet guard her for my sake.  
 Forbidden Fruit doth most delight our Taste:  
 Where Love grows Lawful Lovers straight go Chaste.  
 'Tis Hopes and Fears that heighten all Loves Joys;  
 And ne're to be deni'd those Hopes destroys.  
 As chance that's lucky still brings no Delight,  
 So what's permitted stirs no Appetite.

This

This my *Corinna* knew, and found the Art  
 To engage my Love and fix my Wand'ring Heart.  
 Oft would she keep her Chamber as not well,  
 And set sad Out-guards the feign'd News to tell.  
 Oft Scruples seem'd to have, and Conscience made,  
 To practice longer the Vile Wanton Trade.  
 Till she had set my eager Heart on fire,  
 And then she yielded straight to my desire.  
 Gods! with what Words and Kisses then she'd woo me;  
 And cry, Thou only hast the Pow'r t'undo me!  
 Do thou the like, that with those Eyes of thine  
 Hast lately practis'd a soft Theft on mine.  
 And let me freez in the cold Winter-nights,  
 Before thy Doors in Hopes of those delights.  
 So shall my Love fed with such temp'rate Food,  
 Grow strong and healthful, of Complexion good.  
 For *Jove* himself a Lover ne're had bin,  
 To go both ways as to a Beast-a-kin,  
 And guarded *Danae*, had it been no sin.  
 What's lawful pleases not, but what's unfit:  
 And that, that's most forbidden, seems most sweet:  
 She then that her kind Servant most denies  
 Will longest keep the conquest of her Eyes.  
 But why do I teach them to tyrannize?

Yet thou, Dull Man, that to thy own disgrace,  
 Thinkst thy Wives Mind as spotless as her Face:  
 Trust not too much to Sacred Nuptial-Rites;  
 But look more closely to thy Doors anights.

See who 'tis steals those midnight Knocks at gate ;  
 And who they are the Dogs bark at so late.  
 Ask why thy Lady sometimes is alone :  
 And where her Maid's so oft with Letters gone.  
 With jealous Eyes note ev'ry Look and Smile :  
 Then to deceive thee 'twould be worth the while.  
 Now I as well can steal Sands from the Sea,  
 As take delight to scorn such Fools as thee.  
 Wherefore I warn thee, watch thy Wife, or she  
 No longer shall my easy Mistress be.  
 I have been patient long, and hop'd at last  
 Thy Jealousy might give our Love some Taste.  
 But thou art still so dull our Thefts to find ;  
 Thy Horns grow in thy Eyes and make thee Blind :  
 And I can be no more where thou 'rt so kind.  
 Must I unhappily find Entrance still ;  
 And no opposure to set off my Skill ?  
 Wilt thou do nothing, that I may have cause  
 To curse and damn thee for thy jealous Laws ?  
 But make thy Kindness *Parider* to our Joy :  
 And by thy Easiness my Bliss destroy.  
 Then seek thy wanton Wife some new Gallant,  
 That loves such Patience to supply thy Want.  
 Or if thou 'lt have me any longer be  
 Thy Rival, then thou must forbid it me.



## ELEGY X.

*On his perjur'd Mistress.*

CAN I believe that there are Gods above,  
When she's still Fair, that was so false in Love?  
Her golden Locks though she be faithless grown,  
As comely flow her perjur'd Neck a-down.  
Her Cheeks like Lilies mixt with Roses were;  
Still the same Red blushes through that sweet Fair.  
Her sprightly Eyes still dart delightful Fire;  
Whose light she wisht might with her Flame expire.  
Her Body's slender, and her Foot as streight,  
And small as *Troas*, before she knew deceit.  
For still the Gods, as if they lov'd them too,  
Let such fair Perjurers unpunish'd go.  
By hers she lately a false Vow did make,  
And by my Eyes; straight mine began to ake.  
Why, Heavens, should you wink at her Offence,  
And punish my Believing Innocence?  
Ev'n so you let the fair *Cepheian* Mayd  
Be for her Parents fault to death betray'd.  
Was't not enough she should unpunish'd go,  
Both for Deceiving me, and Mocking you?  
But you for her must Martyr too my Eyes,  
And make the wrong'd th' Injurers Sacrifice?

Either

Either a God is but an empty Name;  
 Devis'd to keep the cred'lous People tame :  
 Or if there be Gods, they are sure too kind  
 To such fair Maids, and bright Eyes make them Blind.  
 Whilst for poor Men, if we chance to forswear,  
 Straight angry *Jove* his Thunder doth prepare.  
 Of *Mars* his Sword we're forc'd to live in Fear;  
*Apollo's* Arrows, and *Bellona's* Spear.  
 Whilst they, as if they fear'd fair Women more  
 Than they do them, their Beauties do adore.  
 Who then to offer Incense would take care?  
 Or why should Men less than weak Women dare?

*Jove* with sure Thunderbolts an Oak can split;  
 But perjur'd Maids on purpose ne're can hit :  
 Who merit most; and yet they all but she,  
 That least deserv'd it, *Semele*, scape free.  
 Whom he beheld in's fierce Embraces slain;  
 And bore the burthen of her Womb, and pain.  
 But why do I against the Gods repine?  
 They too have Eyes and Hearts as soft as mine.  
 And were I one, I too would be as kind :  
 A handfom Womans sight should make me blind.  
 I'de swear that they Swore true, be't what it will,  
 And plead their cause though it were ne're so ill.  
 But thou my perjur'd Fair, that Pow'r resign :  
 Or with thy Eyes forbear to Dazzle mine.

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ELEGY XI.

*Of Painting.*

Come learn of me, Young Ladies, what nice care  
Becomes you still to keep your Faces fair.  
Nor fear that you should be arraign'd for pride ;  
Although by Art Natures defects you hide.  
'Tis that we see that cultivates the Earth ;  
Gives biting briars their Death, and Corn its Birth.  
Sweetens the knotty Crab-Trees sour Blood ;  
And grafts adopted Fruit that's fit for Food.  
The Rooms we sleep in now by Art are made :  
The Roofs with Gold, and Floors with Marble laid.  
Our Cloaths are dipt in the Proud *Tyrian* dye :  
And meats serv'd up in splitted Ivory.

Perhaps in *Tatius* Days when *Rome* begun,  
The *Sabin* Matrons that their own Cloaths spun ;  
Folded the Flocks which their tann'd Daughters fed :  
Could lay a Fire themselves, and make a bed ;  
The freckled Maids then thought it no disgrace  
To cultivate their Land before their Face.  
And took more care their Fathers ground t' improve,  
Than to set off their homely selves for Love.  
But you, Young Ladies, now are bred, and born,  
More tenderly, and seek your selves t' adorn.

You

You love embroider'd Petticoats to wear ;  
 To braid your Locks and curl your frizled Hair.  
 With pendant Pearls your bor'd Ears to indue :  
 And think it a great Burden to wear two.  
 Your soft white Hands, and tender Necks are drest  
 With sparkling Stones, brought from the shining East.  
 Nor are you to be blam'd for this ; since now  
 Men are no less effeminate than you.  
 So gay, so soft their Dress, that one would swear,  
 To see a Marriage now, both Women were :  
 Nor is there any Room for the new Bride  
 T' improve her Husband in his modish Pride.

But 'tis commendable in you to take  
 Those Eyes, where you a Conquest mean to make.  
 Or else, we'll charitably not judge right :  
 You dress your selves but for your own delight.  
 Or fair Encomiums on your looks to hear :  
 For what's more Charming to a Ladies ear ?  
 Nor is it strange you should be touch'd with Praise,  
 That makes the dumb vainglorious Peacock raise  
 His Starry Wheel ; and proudly on it Gaze.  
 Yet better so to use those Am'rous Arts,  
 And pretty nets to take your Servants hearts ;  
 Than give us Philtres, or with Magick Charms  
 Confine us to the Circles of your Arms  
 Or with bewitching Pouders rule our fate,  
 And cause short Love, and after lasting Hate.

But Ladies if you'll take my kind advice ;  
Which I can give now I don't see your Eyes.  
Let your Conditions be your greatest Care ;  
For it is those that make a Woman dear.  
Who on a Beauty his Affection casts,  
Will love no longer than the Beauty lasts.  
Whilst that Affection only is secure,  
That's built on Virtue, and will still endure.  
The time will come your Beauty must decay,  
When Age shall furrow up the painted Clay.  
And Grief to see your selves in your own Glasse,  
Shall be another cause to spoil the Face.  
Then, then, the Power of Virtues Charms you'll prove,  
And how good Humour still may keep up Love.

You then to whom Nature hath been so kind,  
To make your Faces Pictures of your Mind.  
Still keep the bright Original most Fair,  
Then let the Copy be your second Care.  
Which how to varnish when you steal to sleep,  
I'll teach you, and its fading colours keep.

Of *Africk* Barley cas'd out of the Hulls,  
White Vetches clean divested from their Shells,  
Of each take twice twelve Ounces, and to these,  
The Liquid Whites of ten new Eggs infuse.  
Dry them t' a hard Consistence in the Wind,  
Then all together to fine Powder grind.

Two Ounces pulveris'd of Harts-horn, shed  
From off a Living Deers ripe mewing Head.  
All these together mixt in Pouder, clear  
And through a fine fierce sift, but not too near.  
Then add six Cloves of the White Lillies root,  
Beat into Pouder fine as can be got.  
With Gum two Ounces; Frankincense Divine,  
As much, and Liquid Honey, two times Wine.  
Who uses this a while shall make her Face,  
As smooth as what she sees it in the Glas.

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OVID'S

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# OVID'S ELEGIES.

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## The Second Book.

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### *Of his Troubles.*

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#### ELEGY I.

*Instructions to the Book he sends  
to Rome.*

**W**ithout my envy go, Blest Book, to Rome,  
Where he, alas ! that sends thee, ne're  
must come.

Let thy white Sheets these Lines dark mourning take,  
And like my Fortune, there appear in black.

Nor shall thy Leaves in *Tyrian* Juice be dy'd,  
That Colour's never worn by Grief but Pride,

Nor shall thy Title in Vermillion stand ;  
Or tip with Iv'ry sooth the Readers Hand.

Such Ornaments become the Fortunate,  
But be thou mindful of thy Authors Fate ;

And go unpolisht with thy Fore-head bare,  
 And ragged Leaves like to dishevel'd Hair.  
 Nor be asham'd Readers thy Blots should see,  
 They'le guess tears made them since thou cam'st from me,

Go then and in my Name salute Great *Rome* ;  
 Where I at least in thy Feet sure may come.  
 If any of thy Master mindful be,  
 Shall boldly come, and kindly ask for me.  
 Say not I'me well, although my Health I have,  
 And keep that Life which *Cæsars* Mercy gave.  
 But if he more inquire, bid him read on,  
 Lest guilty Words by chance drop from thy Tongue.  
 For his will mind him of my Crime ; whose shame  
 Is spread as wide as are the Wings of Fame.  
 Take not my part, although my Name they curse,  
 " For to defend an ill Thing makes it worse.  
 Perhaps some one, that held my Presence dear,  
 May weeping read a Line, and drop a Tear;  
 And wish that *Cæsar* were like him my Friend,  
 That so my Fate might with his Anger end.  
 Ah ! may he never, whosoe're he be,  
 That wishes this my Change of Fortune see.  
 May his kind Pray'rs find out some God as kind,  
 And change my bitter Doom with *Cæsars* Mind,

But if they take thee for a Counterfeit,  
 Because thou art not like thy Parents wit.  
 To prove thy Title let thy Judges be,  
 Mov'd first to calculate thy Nativity,

Verse should be form'd still when the Mind is clear;  
 In my Meridian nought but Clouds appear:  
 And brooded under the soft Wings of Peace,  
 Where mine are hatcht by Storms upon the Seas.  
 Fear robs my *Muse* too of her Native rest,  
 The Sword's drawn now; and now 'tis in my Breast.  
 For still each Line that I sit down t'indite,  
 I expect the End in my own Blood to write.  
 If they Judge right then, they'le applaud me more,  
 For these, then for the best I wrote before.  
 Whose num'rous Troubles are enough to drein  
*Homers* deep Wit and spoil his Noble Vein.  
 Lastly secure of Fame, thou needst not fear,  
 To prove harsh to thy Readers tuneful Ear.  
 For though I once sought to advance my Name,  
 And fly to Heaven on the Wings of Fame.  
 Since the false Goddess turn'd her Faithless Wheel,  
 In human Praises I no Pleasures feel.  
 And hate my Verses though I write them still,  
 As the dear Fatal Cause of all my Ill.

Go thou that mayst then for me Visit *Rome*,  
 (Ah would I could my self my Book become!)  
 And think not though thou art a Stranger there,  
 To be unknown when first thou shalt appear.  
 Hadst thou no Title, and should'st tell them too,  
 Thou art not mine, yet they thy Tongue would know.  
 Steal softly in then on thy Verses Feet,  
 That run now from the Praise they us'd to meet.

And

And if thou light on any graver Eie,  
 Then when he sees thou'rt mine shall throw thee by.  
 Tell him he need not fear thou hast the Art  
 To teach him Love, and steal away his Heart.

But thou perchance e're thou depart would'st know,  
 If to the Court or Pallace thou mayst go.  
 No, pardon me, if I the Place still dread,  
 From whence the Thunder fell upon my Head.  
 I know the Gods are Mild inhabit there,  
 But those that once have hurt me still I fear.  
 So the soft Dove broke from the Hawks Command,  
 At ev'ry beat o'th' Air doth trembling stand.  
 And Gentle Lambs retain their tender Fears,  
 To view the Place from whence the Wolf appears.  
 Even bold *Phaeton* were h'alive would shun,  
 The ill beg'd Chariot of the Glitt'ring Sun :  
 I too confesse the Thunderer I fear,  
 That struck me once, and still I think him near.  
 Those *Greeks* that scap't the false *Eubæan* Shore,  
 Trust their torn Ships to th' bright Decoy no more.  
 And I must shun the Rocks where I espy  
 The Ruines of my Shipwrackt Fortune lye.

Teach thy Harmonious Feet then to be wise,  
 And only run before the Gentrys Eies.  
 Left if to Great Mens Ears thou tune thy Strings,  
 Thy Praise melt off like *Ic'rus* too bold Wings.  
 And yet 'tis hard till thou comst there to know,  
 Whether to steer thy Course, or high, or low.

If thou fit Opportunity shalt find,  
The Empire Peaceful with Great *Cæsars* Mind.  
If any Friend that doth his Ear command,  
Shall introduce thee first to Kifs his Hand;  
Go boldly then, more happy far then he  
That writes thee, and there paint my Misery.  
Whose Fate is such no *Surgeon* can be found,  
To heal my Grief, but he that gave the Wound.  
But lest thou hurt where thou should'st cure, beware,  
(For Hope alas! is less with me than Fear.)  
By giving his just Anger greater hold,  
And so with deeper Wounds encrease the old.

When thou shalt to my well known Lodgings come,  
And to the Closet go thy Studious Home.  
There shalt thou find thy Brothers on a Row,  
Whose Father in their Faces thou mayst know.  
In open Light thou'lt find all of them sit,  
Their Faults and Titles in their Fore-heads writ.  
Save Three that teach to love, yet hate the Light,  
That lye behind and fly thy Conscious Sight.  
Touch not with thine, be sure their Wanton Sides,  
But call them base ingrateful Parricides.  
And as thou hast any Respect for me,  
Though they should teach thee love none of the Three,  
There those Fifteen snatcht from my dying Hand,  
That sing the Change of Shapes unchanged stand.  
Amongst the various Stories they record,  
Bid them to enter this too of their Lord.

Whose

Whose Smiling Fortune, with a Faithless Face,  
 Turn'd off my Heav'n and brought me Hell i'th' Place  
 Much more I have to hang upon thy Tongue,  
 But that I fear to keep thee here too long.  
 And should'st thou carry all my Thoughts from me,  
 The Messenger would never carry thee.  
 Go, as thou art then and make hast,  
 'Tis far betwixt the first Part of the World and last.

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## E L E G Y II.

*On his Departure from Rome.*

W HEN the sad Image of that Fatal Night,  
 That was my last in *Rome* distracts my Sight,  
 When I reflect on my sad Parting there,  
 At the Remembrance still I drop a Tear.  
 Me think I yet see when that Night was come,  
 That was alas ! to be my last in *Rome*.  
 How I grew Careless then with too much Care,  
 And nothing for my Journey could prepare.  
 How no attendance for my Flight I chose,  
 And took no heed either for Cohn or Cloathes.  
 But like one Thunder-struck did silent go,  
 That liv'd, yet knew not wheth'r he liv'd or no.  
 But when this Cloud dissolv'd into soft Rain,  
 And gave my Senses leave to shine again ;



Of parting Friends a sad kind Leave I take ;  
 Who sooner me than I could them forsake.  
 Upon my Neck then hung my mournful Bride :  
 And kindly mixt with mine her softer Tide.  
 My Daughter I to *Africa* had sent ,  
 Poor Girl, and knew not of my Banishment.  
 But now as if t' attend my Funeral ,  
 With Tears and cries upon their Grief they call.  
 Children, and Servants, and more tender Wife ,  
 Which should Lament me most seem'd all at strife.  
 Such when *Greek* Flames her sad Pride did destroy  
 Was sure the mourning Face of ruin'd *Troy*.

Soft silence now hid the Worlds busy Face ;  
 And the Pale Moon had run her Midnight Race.  
 Whose weak Light on the Capitol did shine :  
*Joves* House that was in vain so near to mine.  
 "Ye Neighb'ring Gods, ( I pray'd adoring low )  
 "Before whose Altars I no more must bow :  
 "And you great Guardian Deities of *Rome* ,  
 "Accept this Homage for the time to come.  
 "And though I take this Sanctu'ry too late,  
 "Grant your Acquittance to my Flight from hate.  
 "Let *Cæsar* with your Eyes view my Offence ,  
 "And in my Ign'rance find my Innocence.  
 "So shall my Fault and Punishment agree ;  
 "And when he's pleas'd I can't unhappy be.  
 Thus with due Honours, whilst my Prayers I seal,  
 My trembling Bride whose Sorrow rais'd her Zeal :

Whilst sighs bore her Addresses to their Ears,  
 Before whose Altars fell her Knees and Tears;  
 Did with their Justice piously complain,  
 And made for me a thousand Vows in vain.

But now the Hasty Night unmaskt her Face,  
 And slow *Bootes* chang'd his rising Place.  
 Here 't was I long stood doubting which to do,  
 My Countreys Love or *Cæsars* to forgo.  
 How oft to my Attendants did I say;  
 Know you not whence you hasten me away?  
 How oft alas! did I my self deceive,  
 And cry I've sure one hour good to live?  
 Thrice went I to the Door, but thrice in vain,  
 Love brib'd my Feet, and brought me in again.  
 Oft took I Kisses as my parting due,  
 Then staid a little and took Leave anew.  
 Oft those dear Pledges of our Love and Pain,  
 Call'd their Poor Fathers Greedy Eyes again.

At length I cry'd, "Why should I hast away,  
 "From *Rome* to *Scythia*? both excuse my stay;  
 "My loving Wife I never more shall see,  
 "Nor the dear Ruines of my Family.  
 "Those Friends whose Souls were knit so close to mine,  
 "The ties of Blood could not more nearly join.  
 "Let me embrace them all then, while I may,  
 "And kindly improve each Minute of my stay.  
 Thus while our sad Discourse we drest in Tears;  
 Th'unwelcom Harbinger of Day appears.

And

And now as if the Rack my Limbs should tear,  
My Soul hung in sad Pieces of Despair.  
And I me thoughts, like *Priams* Image, stood,  
Viewing *Troys* ruins in the Fiery Flood.

When strait an Outcry struck the trembling Air  
With all the mourning Notes of sad Despair.  
Upon my Neck my Wife her kind Arms hung;  
Whilst these sad moving Words fell from her Tongue;

*No, we will never part; I'll hold thee here;  
Or if thou'lt go, it shall be thus, my Dear.  
I will along with thee (my Life) and be  
A poor sad Burden to the Ship, and thee.  
Stern Cæsar bids thee go; and kind Love me:  
My Love shall then the juster Cæsar be.*

Thus did she kindly make her last Essay,  
And for my Sake could scarce be forc'd to stay.  
But when she saw me gone and past relief,  
As to my Burial only dress'd with Grief;  
She Fainting fell I hear upon the Ground,  
And lost with me her Senses in a Swoon.  
But when she came back to her self and Tears;  
Whilst some kind Hand her trembling Body rears;  
Oft call'd she on her dearest Exile's Name,  
Bewail'd her self and me, but all in vain.  
And fain she would to lose her Sense of Pain,  
And had but for my Sake there died again.  
But oh! since Heav'ns no kinder Doom will give,  
Let her at least my only Comfort live.

Spare her Dear Lovely Innocence to be  
A Succour in my Banishment to me.

Mean time the Keeper of bright *Charles* his Wain,  
Unharnest his forbidden Team i'th' Main;  
Through the *Ionian* Waves our Course we steer,  
Against our Wills, but now grown bold by Fear.  
But ah! how soon the Seas change their mild Form,  
And like my Fortune start into a Storm.  
The Watry Mountains with a sudden Tide,  
Spring on the Ship, and beat her Painted Pride.  
The Sine wy Cordage makes its fearful Moans,  
And the kind Bark too at our Mis'ries Groans.  
Ev'n our Bold Pilot now doth own his Fear,  
Resigns his Helm, and lets the Tempest steer.  
As some weak Rider on a stubborn Horse,  
'That gives the Reins and lets him take his Course;  
Our Sailor so his Skill and Ship resign'd  
To the Discretion of the Seas and Wind.

And here and if the faithless Eastern Wind  
Had constant prov'd and in a Storm been kind,  
Leaving *Illyrium* on the Southern Main,  
We had been thrown on *Italy* again.  
But since I must great *Cæsars* Doom fulfill,  
Let the Seas learn of met' obey his Will.  
'Twixt Hopes and Fears to be thus kindly cross'd,  
The Storm's redoubled, and they both are lost:  
But since I am forbid that *Paradise*,  
Let *Cæsar's* Anger to my Fate suffice.

Cease then ye Watry Pow'rs : you try in vain  
To cast away a Shipwrackt-man again.

---

E L E G Y   I I I .

*To his Friend that proved constant in  
Adversity.*

O H thou the Dearest, Best, of Human Race,  
That with kind Arms my Misery cou'dst  
embrace :

And with concern Equal unto thy own,  
For me didst weep Sweet Dropping comfort down.  
And call'd my Soul from Death to ease its Grief,  
Where it was posting for a sad Relief.

Nor art thou Ign'rant by the kind marks here,  
To whom belongs this Friendly Character :  
That on my Mind hath drawn this lasting scroul ;  
*This is not Ovids now, but his Friends Soul.*

For I in Gratitude must call it thine ;  
Since but for thee it had not now been mine.

And sooner shall this Flesh to Ashes burn,  
My Soul into its Ancient nothing turn ;  
Then I'll unmindful of thy Favours be ,  
Or lose the Mem'ry of thy Piety.  
And to my Heart the best of Pray'rs I'll join ;  
That thou mayst never see a Change like mine.

Yet

Yet this one Blessing in my Fate I prove,  
 To see more, clearly thy bright faithful Love.  
*Perithous* nere had *Theseus* Fully known;  
 Had he not living to the dead World gone.  
*Pylades* Faith 'mongst common Friendships lies;  
 Till *Furies* danc't before *Orestes* Eyes.  
 And *Nisus* Story had no Charms to move,  
 Till brave *Euryalus* wounds call'd on his Love.  
 "True Faith by Fortunes Darknes, proves its Light;  
 "As Gold comes from the Fire more pure and bright.  
 "For while she smiles and gives her Faithless Hand,  
 "We all her Flatt'ring Courtiers Hearts command.  
 "But if she frown, as she'l be sure to do,  
 "The false Train vanish with her Favour too.  
 This Knowledge from Antiquity did come,  
 Now Fate hath brought the Application home.  
 For through my Clouds but two or three Stars shine,  
 "The rest were all my Fortunes Friends not mine.

Let your small Number than your Faith commend,  
 And throw a Plank forth to your Shipwrackt Friend.  
 Nor vainly fear the God, that ruin'd me,  
 Should be offended at your Piety.  
 Who to the Faithful doth such Favour show:  
 He even loves his Foes that still are so.  
 Yet I as such with his did never join,  
 And only by my Folly made him mine.  
 Wherefore be diligent for me t' improve,  
 Each kind Occasion to regain his Love.

And



And if you'd know what Mis'ries with me dwell,  
 For want of it, tis more than I can tell.  
 I've born so many, they're grown numberless,  
 Beyond the Sandy Arithmetick o'th' Seas.  
 More than a Lovers faith could ere believe;  
 And greater than the largest Heart receive.  
 So that the greatest Part with me must fall  
 Unknown; and would I could conceal them all.  
 Had I a Breast of Brass, as Lasting lungs,  
 As *Fame* her self hath, and as many Tongues;  
 Yet should I never though I nere give ore,  
 Tell all my Griefs but there would still be more.

All you that of *Ulysses* Troubles write,  
 To make it true set me in his false Light.  
 He through the Watry Roads from *Troy* did come  
 With joyful Conquest to his Lovely home.  
 But I have measur'd the wide *Ocean* o're,  
 And with the Stars set on the Worlds last Shore.  
 He had a faithful 'Train t' attend his Flight,  
 But my once Dear Companions fled my sight,  
 With Glorious Laurels he his Countrey fought,  
 And ruin'd I from mine am banisht brought;  
 Nor mourn I *Ichaca* or *Samos* loss,  
 Whence to be absent can be no great Cross:  
 But *Rome* the Gods Delight and Mortals Pride,  
 Where the Worlds Empire flows in its full Tide,  
 He had a Body too, hard as his Fate,  
 Injur'd to Mis'ry; mine Effeminate.

He

He had been us'd to th' Field and bred to fight,  
 Where I was train'd to Love and soft Delight.  
 Nor had I like to him a Goddess near,  
 That in my Mis'ries a kind Part would bear.  
 And where weak *Neptune* did against him stand.  
 I feel the Weight of *Joves* Almighty Hand.  
 Besides, the great'st Part of his *Troubles* too  
 Were feign'd; but mine alas! are all too true.  
 And though he wand' red long, his Dangers past,  
 He came to his Desired home at last:  
 But I my Countrey never more shall see;  
 Unless great *Cæsar* grow as kind as thee.

---

## E L E G Y IV.

To his Lady:

**T**He Lovely *Lydas* Eyes could never find  
 A softer Empire in her Poets Mind:  
 Nor could *Philetas* Heart more eager move,  
 To *Battis* fam'd for Beauty and his Love.  
 Than I, my Dear, 'twixt Pain and Pleasure dye,  
 Each Time I think of thee and bleeding lye.  
 Who that I might thy Worthy Husband prove,  
 I should have had less Mis'ry, not more Love.  
 All's thine that is left of me, and I no less,  
 Thou dear Prop of my falling Happiness,

Who

Who by thy Love hast undermin'd their Hate ;  
That for the Ruines of my Shipwrack wait :

As some fierce Wolf the terrour of the Wood,  
Lurks at th' unguarded Stall, and thirsts for Blood;  
Or greedy Vulture hov'ring on the Wing,  
Directs his Eye glad news of Prey to bring:  
So doth some begging Courtier lye in Wait,  
And had but for thy Care snatcht my Estate.  
But thou by Friends hast sprung that dang'rous mine;  
Whose Love I can requite with nought but thine:  
And set thy gallant Virtue on record,  
Attested by the Mis'ries of thy Lord.  
Whose Love and Constancy more bright appears,  
Than *Hectors* Lady's in her Noble Tears.  
Nor had *Protesilaus* too kind Wife,  
Shewn more by Death than thou hast by thy Life.  
And hadst thou such a Muse thy Faith to grace,  
*Penelope*'d strive but for the second Place.

Where he that made thy Soul, these seeds did sow  
Of Virtue, and their Roots in Nature grow:  
Or thy great Mistress serv'd through thy whole Life,  
Gave thee the Pattern of a perfect Wife:  
And by her Conversation did endear  
The Image to thy Soul, and fixt it there ;  
Thy Soaring Virtue to that height doth raise,  
'Tis far above the Reach of my low Praise.  
And were not all the Sinews of my Wit,  
Grown Slack with Grief, and for the Task unfit ;

Thy Name amongst the Heroines should shine,  
 Whose Face and Manners are no less Divine.  
 Howe're *my Dear* with such Praise I can give,  
 Thou shalt for ever in my Verses live.

---

## E L E G Y V.

*To his Friend that wore his Image on  
 a Ring.*

O H thou that doest my Lively Image wear,  
 The flatt'ring Ivy from my Temples Tear.  
 Those gentle Wreaths become a happy Muse,  
 But I my Crown should with my Fortune lose.  
 And though thy Name be only understood,  
 Thou knowst whose Finger makes the Title good.  
 Where thou my Image in the glitt'ring Gold,  
 The only Face thou canst, doest oft behold.  
 Which when thy dropping Eyes perchance do see,  
 Thou cry'st alas! *How far's he now from me?*  
 Ah Lovely Faith! since thou art pleas'd to view  
 My Picture, read my Verse thou 'lt find the True:  
 My Verse that sing the Loves of changing Forms,  
 Torn from their growing Roots by sudden Storms.  
 Which I with others of that gentle Strain  
 Threw in the Flames and chang'd them all again.  
 And as *Althea* to reveng her Brother,  
 Became a better Sister than a Mother.

Threw

Threw the Dear fatal Brand into the Fire ;  
And saw her Sons Life in its Flames expire :  
So I through Hate, or 'cause the Verses feet  
Did not as yet their full perfection Meet ;  
My fun'ral Pile with those Works rashly crown,  
Th' ingenious Web from my own Bowels spun.

But since they did their Authors Hate survive ;  
And spread abroad in other Copies Live :  
May they my Labours, with my Mem'ry pay,  
And steal their Readers Idle Hours away.  
Yet who with Patience can those Lines rehearse,  
That run in's Ears with rough unpolish'd Verse ?  
They're like an *Embrio*, only ripe for Scorn,  
That into th' World before its Time was born.  
So that I Pardon beg instead of Bayes,  
And not to be disdain'd shall be my Praise.  
As *Prologue* then to those imperfect Lines,  
Write in the Frontispiece these Warning Rimes.

“ Whoe're these *Orphan-Volumes* shall peruse,

“ Ah entertain at least my banish't Muse.

“ To win thy Favour and excuse my Shame ;

“ Know they were snatcht forth of my fun'ral Flame.

Whose Fortune was before my Verses done,  
Or else they both on better Feet had run.

## ELEGY VI.

*To his inconstant Friend.*

**T**He Sun no more his Ancient Road shall know,  
 And murm'ring Streams back to their Fountains  
 flow.  
 Water shall Fire becom ; the Sky a Field ;  
 The Earth a Crop of shining Stars shall yield :  
 Prepost'rous Nature her old Laws forsake,  
 And the whole Tide o'th' World new Channels take :  
 All things shall live and be, that seem to lye  
 Dead in a safe Impossibility.  
 This I divine because I am deceiv'd,  
 By him whom most of all Men I believ'd.  
 Ah Faithless Man ! could Fear thy Love subdue,  
 To make thee perjurd and forgetful too ?  
 That thou shouldst from me with my Fortune fall,  
 And ne're come to attend my Funeral.  
 The Sacred Name of Friendship bleeding lyes,  
 Under thy Feet a Barb'rous Sacrifice.  
 Was it so much to bring that small Relief,  
 And with a shew of kindness sooth my Grief ?  
 At least to feign a few obliging Tears :  
 And pour some false kind Words into my Ears ?  
 Or done no less than Common People do,  
 And with the rest have took thy last Adieu.

This



This many did, Friends only in my Grief,  
And with their Tears wisht me a kind Relief,  
But our green Years did with our Friendship thrive,  
Who sooner knew to love, than how to live.  
My Soul was then, not more my own, then thine;  
And thou hadst not a thought, but what was mine.  
Both Hearts betimes in the same Sphere did move,  
And *Rome* was not the first Scene of our Love.  
But ah! these Gentle Images are fled  
Forth of thy Heart, and only in thy Head.  
Nor can I think that thou wert born at *Rome*,  
(The Place where I alas! must never come;) —  
But on these Rocks, where Fate hath strew'd my Bed,  
Or some rough *Scythian* Mountains frozen Head.  
Nature sure drew thy Breast from seeds of Iron,  
And Veins of Flint thy harder Heart environ.  
Or some fell Tygres nurs'd thy tender Youth,  
And both with Milk and Fierceness fill'd thy Mouth,  
Else thou hadst not so great a stranger been,  
Unto my Griefs, and this Indictment seen.  
But since 'twas in my Changing Fate express'd,  
I should be banish't too from thy soft Breast;  
Wipe this dishonourable Stain away,  
And all th' Arrears of thy lost kindness Pay.

## ELEGY VII.

*To his Friend, that the Common Peoples love  
depends upon Fortune.*

**M**AY Heavens grant that Pray'r I send for thee,  
Which they ne're heard when it was made for me:  
That those dear Eyes which read these Lines of mine,  
May like my Fate ne're see a Change in thine.  
"For Friends with riches still in plenty flow:  
"When we grow poor their Love will be so too.  
The well-pleas'd Doves flock to their painted Court,  
Whilst to the ruin'd Tow'r there's no resort.  
The Ant to th' empty Granary ne're tends;  
"And when we lose our Wealth we lose our Friends.  
"For as the empty being of a Shade  
"Attends the Sun, and by its beams is made;  
"Those Shapes of Friends in Fortunes Light are seen,  
"That vanish when a Cloud steps in between.  
But may these Truths still false to thee appear,  
Which by Experience cost thy Friend so Dear.  
Whilst happy, I had kind Acquaintance still,  
That did my House, not my Ambition fill.  
But when I fell, my wary Friends were gone,  
And quickly left me to my self alone.  
Nor can I Wonder they that Thunder fear,  
That uses still to blast all it comes near.

Yet

Yet *Cæsar* too firm Faith in those Commends,  
 Though never such to him, that once were Friends.  
 His Pitty, not his Anger it doth move,  
 To see them kinder than their Fortune prove.  
 So *Pylad's* Tears lookt lovely on his Face,  
 When *Thoas* knew what once *Orestes* was.  
 And Gen'rous *Hector* often would commend  
 The Faith of brave *Achilles* to his Friend.  
 To see th' *Athenian* Pair so constant prove,  
 Th' infernal God envy'd their happy Love.  
 Nor could fierce *Turnus* choose but drop a Tear,  
 When *Nisus* Melting story he did hear.  
 Afflicted Piety is still the best ;  
 It ev'n invades the fiercest Tyrants Breast.  
 But ah ! how few doth my soft Rhet'rick move !  
 How few Poor *Ovid* in his Troubles Love ?

Yet though my Fortune with my Hopes are low,  
 To hear thou art advanc't raises me too.  
 I saw this Tide of Honours would prevail,  
 When yet thy Bark rode under private Sail.  
 If Virtuous Manners, and as spotless Fame,  
 Might purchase them, none had a better Claim.  
 Or Wit might rise by Managing the Laws ;  
 Whose more than his, that never lost a Cause ?  
 This I foresaw and said, *My worthy Friend*  
*Some larger Field doth thy great Parts attend.*  
 Which me no Beasts, or Thunder when 'tis fell,  
 Nor Mystick Language of fed Birds did tell.

"The best way to divine is by Mens Parts,  
 "And to observe their Manners and their Arts.  
 Which since they have fulfill'd my Augury,  
 I'm glad thy Studies did not hidden lye.  
 But wish that mine had never seen the Light,  
 Wrapt in the quiet Bosom of the Night.  
 As thy severer Arts exalted thee,  
 So mine, both wayes unlike them, ruin'd me.

But thou dear Confident then of my Each fault,  
 Saw'st that I never practis'd what I taught :  
 Thou knewst I wrot those Poems in my Youth,  
 To please as Fancies, not a solid Truth.  
 Though no Pretence those wanton Lines can clear,  
 Yet I less guilty for them should appear.  
 Plea'd then my Cause ; nor let thy Friend complain  
 He was the first thou didst defend in vain.

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## E L E G Y VIII.

To his Reader,

*That he wrote the former Elegies in his  
Voyage.*

**W**Hoe're the former *Elegies* peruse,  
 Know they were made by a Sea-beaten Muse,  
 Some in the midst of the *Ionian Seas*;  
 When the Year trembles with its cold disease :

And

And some upon those Waves whose double Tide.  
 Washes fair *Corinth* upon either Side.  
 Th' *Aegean* Islands stood amaz'd to see  
 My bold Hand write, where they scarce Safe could be.  
 I wonder too, some Sparks of wit to find,  
 I'th' Waves both of a troubled Sea and Mind.  
 If Poetry a witty Madness be;  
 His may be stil'd so that shall write like me.  
 Oft by strong Winds our Feeble Bark is tost,  
 And by the dropping *Hyads* drown'd—almost.  
 Black Heav'n new Seas upon the old one Pours;  
 And join their Watry Force to conquer ours.  
 The Waves leap in; and though they drown my own,  
 My Pen still makes my Verses feet run on.  
 Whilst I write these the sinewy Cords complain,  
 And Watry Hills come rolling o're the main.  
 Our Guide the Stern Leaves; and the Case is ill,  
 When *Pilots* trust the Gods before their Skill.  
 Pale Forms of ghastly Death distract my Sight,  
 Whilst Fear coyns into Pray'rs each Verse I write.

Yet should I reach the Neighb'ring Port in Peace;  
 The Harbours here are less safe then the Seas.  
 I only can this Harsh Dilemma try,  
 Either by Swords, or Waves to choose to die.  
 This, on the right, would stab me for a Prey;  
 And that to boast he did a *Roman* slay.  
 Those on the left know nothing but to fight;  
 War is their Joy, and Blood their sole Delight.

And though their Seas fight with the Northern Winds;  
Their Seas are calmer than their raging Minds.

Reader be thou more gentle to these Lines;  
Expect not better from me than my Times.  
I did not now in my Safe Study sit,  
Sequestred from the World to seek for Wit:  
Nor silent Groves; where both my Feet and Mind,  
Might walk till those too of my Verse I find.  
But tost by Waves upon a stormy Sea;  
That oft dash in and wash the Sheets away.  
Now too they at my boldness Angry grow,  
To dare to write when they shall threaten so.  
They shall be heard; to their loud threats Ple bend:  
So that the Storm may with my Verses end.

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OVID'S



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# OVID'S ELEGIES.

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## The Third Book.

---

### Of his Troubles.

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#### ELEGY I

#### To Augustus Cæsar

**C**ould I grow wise I should the *Muses* hate,  
That have procur'd their Bleeding Lovers Fate.  
And ne're more listen to that *Siren Art*.

Which to its Pleasing ruine woos my Heart,  
But with such moving Charms they Court my Mind,  
I must believe, and willingly grow blind.

And as a Fencer that had lost the Prize,

With gen'rous Rage his second Fortune tries;

Take my lov'd Arms again, in hopes that where,

I found my Wounds there I may find my Cure.

Read then (*Mild Cæsar*) these with such Kind Eyes,

As best become propitious Deities.

And as your Princely Favour hath been shown,  
T' approve all witty Poems, but your own,  
Who only can; your own Example be:  
And first be pleas'd with these, and then with me.  
Let their soft Strokes as soft Impressions find,  
And to its native Mildness tune your Mind.  
Whose Anger is too just to Merit Blame:  
And I too guilty to deny the same.  
Yet will so great a Condescension raise  
Your Pow'rful Mercy to the highest Praise.  
Should angry *Jove* as oft as men offend,  
Shoot his red Bolts, he'd soon have none to send:  
But when he only puts the World in Fear,  
He by his Thunder makes the Sky more clear.  
Hence we his independent Greatness call  
Father of Heav'n and Sov'raign Lord of all.  
You that on Earth the same bright Title bear,  
Should then like him such poor Offenders spare.

But I but wish what you already do,  
For who can e're more sweetly reign then you.  
Who to the faithless *Parthians* Mercy show'd  
And Honour on your greatest Foes bestow'd:  
Who with the War still let your Anger end,  
And overcame them, but to be their Friend.  
The joyful Conquer'd to the Temples go.  
To give Thanks for their happy Overthrow.  
And with their Victor seem to triumph too,  
Glad to have been o'recome, since 'twas by you.

But I 'gainst you in Arms did never join,  
Nor had you any Foe that was not mine.  
By all the Gods in Heav'n and Earth I swear,  
And by your self, whom most of all I fear:  
I with the only Service I could do,  
My Heart and Prayers espous'd your Quarrel too.  
I beg'd the Gods that, after Ages past  
On Earth, you might be Deify'd at last.  
And holy Incense with the pious Croud,  
For your dear Safety on the Altars strew'd.

Ev'n my Dear crimes, those Books procur'd my Shame,  
Witness my great Devotion to your Name.

In that best Work which change of Forms doth show,  
That's ne're believ'd but where it Treats of you.

A thousand Praises of your self you'l find:

The pious Monuments of my Grateful Mind.

'Tis true your Excellence is above our Praise;

We cannot your Bright Glory higher raise:

'Yet though th' Eternal Gods are full of Bliss.

"Within themselves and all that happy is.

'It doth their ever spreading Goodness please,

'That we their outward Honour should encrease.

To do your Gallant Deeds in Verse agen,

Would be the Task of some more Noble Pen.

"Yet as large Hecatombs no more Delight

'Heav'n, than a grain of Incense offer'd right;

'You should not what, but how, we give it Prize;

'For tis the Heart makes good the Sacrifice.

Ah then ! how Cruel is that Ven'mous Tongue,  
 Infects your Ears to take my Praises wrong:  
 That into Poison turns each Pious Verse,  
 To look as ill as he doth it reherse.  
 But who can be my Friend, when you're my Foe ?  
 I hardly to my self could then be so.  
 When first my ruin'd House began to fall,  
 And the weak Props start from the sinking Wall :  
 As Fortune split-strait all to ruin grew ;  
 The Basis gone their Weight the rest o'rethrew :  
 So, as they ought, the Common People wait,  
 By your blest Looks to steer their Love and Hate.  
 Yet I remember you did once approve,  
 Poor *Ovid*, with a Favour of your Love.  
 And though my past Life challenge no reward,  
 That 'twas not ill it Merits some regard,  
 Nor did I prove in the Triumvirate,  
 An unjust Guardian to the Pris'ners Fate.  
 And when I sate to judge a private Cause,  
 The just still heard my Sentence with Applause.  
 And ah ! how oft but for my last Offence,  
 Your Judgment had secur'd my Innocence.  
 That Fortune, that so many Storms had past,  
 In fight o'th' Port was Shipwrackt by the Last,  
 Nor was it one poor Wave my Bark did drown,  
 But a whole Sea of ills that prest it down.

"Why had I Eyes ? or made them guilty be ?

"Why what I ought not, did I fondly see ?

"So

"So poor *Aëdon* nak'd *Diana* spi'd ;  
 "And so a Prey to his own Dogs he di'd.  
 "Fortune against the Gods, to do Amis,  
 "Is no excuse ; and Chance too guilty is.  
 That day wherein my Fatal Errour grew,  
 My small but honest Fam'ly perish't too.  
 Yet not so small, but 'tis as ancient known,  
 As any of the Nobility in *Rome*.  
 If Fortune, betwixt Wealth and Poverty ;  
 Whose each Extremes with Knighthood ill agree.  
 But Whether it for Wealth, or want of it,  
 Be noted, 'tis enobled by my Wit.  
 Which though my Youth too loosely seem'd to use ;  
 My Mem'ry shall grow Famous with my Muse.  
 And all the Learned Quire record my Name,  
 With theirs, whose Poems stand i'th' Rolls of Fame.  
 My House then where the Muses us'd to dwell,  
 By one poor Crime, but not a small one fell.  
 Yet so 'tis fal'n that it may rise again ;  
 When your ripe Anger shall drop off my Pain.  
 Whose Execution did so mildly come,  
 My Fears were more, and that less than my Doom.  
 Your Mercy held your Justice at such Strife,  
 That you forgave the Forfeit of my Life.  
 And then as if that Gift too small had been,  
 Not taking, gave me Lands and Goods agen.  
 And lest th' obsequious Senat's harsh Decree,  
 Or any appointed Judge less mild should be ;  
 Your self with such Words as a Prince become,  
 In Royal Anger strait pronounc't my Doom.

And

And though your Ediſt did ſeverely look;  
 Much Terrour and Majeſtick Juſtice ſpoke;  
 Yet did it only give this mild command,  
 To leave and not be baniſh't from the Land;  
 But ſure there is no greater Torment to,  
 A wiſe Man, than to have offended you.  
 And yet ſometimes too Heav'n doth Mercy ſhow,  
 And cloudy Suns into fair Ev'nings go.  
 I've ſeen the blaſted Elm her kind Arms join,  
 And live again to love her friendly Vine.  
 Then though you ſhould forbid me to hope ſtill,  
 I ſtill ſhould only hope againſt your Will.  
 When on my Fault I look no Hopes are near,  
 When upon you I never can deſpair.  
 And as the Seas that fight with a ſtrong Wind,  
 Are ſometimes rough, and ſometimes gently kind.  
 Now curl their Watry Brows into a Frown;  
 Then ſmile agen and kiſs their Billows down.  
 So do my Hopes to gain your happy Grace,  
 As often vary their inconstant Face.

Then by the Gods, who if they love their *Rome*  
 Will fix a long date to your Years to come;  
 And by that Title you ſo juſtly bear  
 Your Countrey's Father; as a Son I ſhare.  
 So may the Love ſtill of your People be,  
 Great as your Merits and as Nobly Free.  
 So may the only fit to be your Wife,  
 Bright *Livia* in your Love ſpend her Chriſt Life;  
 Whom



Whom Nature left you should have single died,  
 Form'd for your Bed the alone equal Bride:  
 So may you and your *Drusus* see white Daies,  
 Reigning joynt *Emperours* in happy Peace:  
 And your Fair *Julias* Princely Sons make good,  
 The Noble Virtues of their Parents Blood:  
 So may bright Vict'ry on your Arms attend,  
 Yours and your conqu'ring *Euglies* certain Friend,  
 And still before the Prince with soft Wings fly;  
 And round his Golden Hair her Laurels tie.  
 Who fights both with your Fortune and Command,  
 You but entrust the conquest in his Hand:  
 And your great Self divide to govern *Rome*,  
 Whilst this half Rules abroad, and that at Home;  
 But most by all your Hopes, for his Return,  
 And joy to see bright Crowns his youth adorn;  
 To most unhappy me some Pity shew,  
 And stop the Thunder which too well I know:  
 Some Mercy shew and Mindful of your Name  
 Father of your Countrey, mildly use the same:  
 I beg not to return, (though I believe,  
 The Gods more than we ask do often give;)  
 But only a more mild, more favorable Doom,  
 That I may nearer you my only Altar come.

## ELEGY II.

*To his Lady when he was sick.*

**I** Guess, *my Dear*, how thou wilt trembling stand,  
To see these Lines writ by a strangers Hand.  
That come to kiss thee with thy Lords last breath,  
Whom Sickness now hath brought to th' Gates of  
Death.

Think what unpleasant Forms possess my Breast,  
Amongst the Barb'rous *Getes* a dying Guest.

Where neither Air, nor Land, nor Water please.  
And ev'ry Element's a new disease.

Where I want all Things that may yield Relief,  
And skill'd *Physicians* to appease my Grief.

Where I've no Friend that may the time delay,  
And with kind Stories steal my Pain away.

But here I lye on the Worlds farthest Shore,  
And think on all was Dear to me before :

I think on all; but thee above the rest

Thou hast the greatest Share within my Breast,

On thee my Absent Saint I call; on thee

Both Day and Night my thoughts still walking be.

Nay with such Transports at thy Name I move,

They think me here distracted for thy Love.

And when I chance to lose my Fainting Breath,

That Spirits can't relieve me from cold Death.

They

They use to tell me than that thou art here,  
 And strait I start up well, and cry *My Dear!*  
 But thou perhaps, t' increase my Misery,  
 Art Laughing there; whilst here I dying lye.  
 Ah no! I wrong thy Love, thou best Kind Wife.  
 To think without me thou canst love thy Life.

Ye Powers above that judge poor Mortals Fate,  
 If now my Years be run to their full Date:  
 You might have granted me this small request,  
 To let my Ashes in their Country rest,  
 You should my Death till my return reprove,  
 Or not have suffer'd me so long to live.  
 Once I could well have yielded up my Breath,  
 But now yo've kept me for a banish't Death,  
 Ah! must I fall so far from what I lov'd:  
 The only Misery which I have not prov'd?  
 Must I not die in my dear Nuptial Bed;  
 And have a Friend to mourn 'me when I 'me dead?  
 Shall thy kind tears upon my Cheeks not flow,  
 And there weep off again from thee to go?  
 Shall I give no Farewel, nor last Command:  
 Nor feel my weak Eies seal'd by thy soft Hand?  
 But unlamented here alone must fall,  
 Without the Honour of a Funeral.  
 When this thou read'st, how is thy Mind possess'd?  
 Dost thou not strike thy lovely faithful Breast;  
 And stretch thy Arms and Voice this way in vain:  
 Then weep, and call on thy Dead Lord again?

Ah spare thy Beauteous Cheeks, that lovely Hair:  
 'Tis not the first Death I have prov'd my Fair.  
 I truly died when I was forc't from thee;  
 That was the first and bitterest Death to me.  
 Then if thou canst (but I in vain advise)  
 Rejoice that Death shall end my Miseries.  
 At least some comfort for my dear Sake borrow,  
 And let thy Virtue triumph o're thy Sorrow.

Oh may my Mind dissolve too with this frame;  
 And no part of me scape the Fun'ral Flame.  
 For if *Pythagoras* did that truth derive,  
 From Heav'ns decrees; *That Souls for ever live.*  
 Amongst the *Scythian* Shades, a *Roman* Mind,  
 I shall be there as I am here confin'd.  
 Then thou, my Ashes, to their Tomb commend,  
 That so my Banishment in Death may end.  
 Nor needst thou fear but like the *Theban* Mayd,  
 Who piously her Sov'raign disobey'd,  
 When her cold Brother in the Earth she layd;  
 Embalm'd with the Sweet riches of the East,  
 Depose them in their native Soil to rest;  
 And there to catch the Passengers swift Sight,  
 Thus in fair Letters on the Marble write.

*Here the soft Teacher of Loves Mysteries,  
 That perish't by his Wit poor Naso lies.  
 Reader if e're what Love be thou didst know,  
 One gentle Requiem on his Name bestow.*

This is enough for my own Works will be  
A far more lasting Monument to me.  
Which though they have procur'd their Authors Fate,  
Through the whole World my Name shall celebrate.  
Do thou howe're come offer at my Shrine,  
And weep me a Crown of those rich Pearls of thine.  
For though the Flames this Human Form remove,  
My Ashes will be sens'ble of thy Love.  
More I would write, but that my Fainting tongue,  
Already fails with Dictating so long.  
Receive this Farewel then, my last I fear,  
Who wish, the Health, I want, to thee, My Dear.

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## E L E G Y III.

*To exhort his Friend to fly the Company  
of great Persons.*

**D**Ear gen'rous Soul, my Loves delightful theme,  
Best known to me in Fortunes worst extreme:  
If thou wilt thy experienc't Friend believe,  
Far from the Court, far from all greatness Live.  
Within thy self run thy Lives humble race;  
For Thunder still comes from the highest Place.  
And though great Men, may be the greatest Friends,  
Their Pride doth oft debauch those noble Ends.  
The full-stretcht Sail, the greatest Danger finds,  
When the bare Mast cuts through the stormy Winds.

The

The airy Cork swims on the Silver-Flood,  
 Whilst weight sinks down the Net into the Mud.  
 This Doctrine I now teach, had I then known,  
 Perhaps I never should from *Rome* have flown.  
 Whose happy Life sail'd with a pleasant Gale,  
 Whilst its low scene lay in thy humble Vale;  
 Who falls (if he can fall that's on a Plain)  
 Unhurt may rise by his own Strength again.  
 Giddy *Elpenor* from a tower Head-long,  
 Fell down a Ghost amidst the *Grecian* throng.  
 How came poor *Ic'rus* too that soar'd so high  
 To fall so low; where *Dæd'lus* safe did fly;  
 Whilst both on borrow'd Wings from *Minos* run:  
 But that he flew too near the burning Sun.  
 "Believe me He's most blest, that least is known,  
 "Who lives within the Bounds of what's his own.  
 Had not the Youth t' *Achilles* Horse aspir'd,  
*Eumedes* ne're had his dead Son desir'd.  
 Nor *Phaethon* in those Flames, he beg'd been burn'd;  
 To weeping Trees his Mournful Sisters turn'd:  
 Had not th' ambitious Boy too early known  
 Himself the gen'rous Heir of the bright Sun.  
 Ah! then on flatt'ring greatness never dote;  
 "Nor let thy Sail be larger than thy Boat.  
 But may thy Running Life some blest Path find,  
 As smooth and even as thy equal Mind.  
 This thou deserv'st no less from Heaven than me;  
 Whose dear fixt everlasting Constancy  
 Pierc't through my bitter Fate with Loves sweet Dart.  
 And pour'd thy melting Goodness on my Heart.

I saw



I saw a sad kind Picture in thy Eye,  
 Made by Reflection of my Misery.  
 The melting Image wept, yet still 'twas there;  
 And did in each kind Look and Word appear.  
 Still it continues too its Sweet Relief,  
 To heal what's most incurable, my Grief.  
 And by strange Sympathy, a Power retains,  
 By what it there Acts here to heal my Pains.  
 May thy dear Life then in unenvy'd ease,  
 Run on with equal Friends, and set in Peace.  
 And write in Loves soft Characters on thy Breast,  
 Thy *Ovid's* Name, for *Scythia* keeps the rest;  
 Where Northern Winds still scorch the frost-burnt Land,  
 Beneath the fancied Heav'nly Bears command.  
*Bosph'rus* and *Tanais*, and the *Phasian* Lakes  
 With Names unknown the rest o'th' Land partakes.  
 Nought dwells beyond, but Winter and her Friend,  
 The Northern Wind so near is the Worlds End.  
 But far's my Countrey, far my tender Wife.  
 And what with her I priz'd above my 'Life.  
 Yet though my Eye those Objects cannot find,  
 They dance through Fancy to my Joyful Mind.  
 All things I knew before run through that Glass;  
 And please with silent Joy as they do pass.  
 But most my Ladies Image doth impart;  
 Both Grief and Joy unto my bleeding Heart:  
 Her Absence wounds my Soul with killing Pain,  
 To thinke She's true, revives me strait again.

You too my Souls Dear Partners share my Breast,  
 Whose Names my Muse would gladly have express'd,  
 But that I fear my too Officious Love,  
 Instead of kindness should an Injury prove.  
 Once it was Musick to each Friendly Ear,  
 His Name in my kind charming Verse to hear.  
 Which to the World I dare not now impart,  
 And only write them on my Faithful Heart.  
 There, there I mean to keep you as my own,  
 Nor will I make my richest Treasure known.  
 And as bright Pictures of your Friendship still,  
 My absent Soul with Charming Raptures fill.  
 So may my Fortunes falling Image stand,  
 Before your Eyes and find some helping Hand.  
 Who wish that you the like may never prove,  
 And thou the least whom most of all I love.

---

#### ELEGY IV.

*To his most Intimate Friend.*

**I** Know our Mutual Love thou'lt not deny  
 My Worthy Friend nor canst thou Handfomly  
 For whilst we might no Friends could be more dear,  
 Who held each other than our selves more near,  
 And to that height our Love at last was grown,  
 That it was more than we our selves were known.

Though

Though prov'd by all thy Friends yet none so well,  
 The Candour of thy Mind as I can tell.  
 Whose Flames did to thy Bosom thoughts give Light,  
 And made thy Heart transparent to my Sight.  
 As I to thee did all my Secrets tell,  
 And only that, that ruin'd me conceal.  
 Which hadst thou known I had no less been lov'd,  
 And safe too in thy Prudent Counsel prov'd.  
 But whether I had scap't by thy Advice,  
 Or Destiny seal'd up my Reasons Eies :  
 It was, or else I made it be my Fate,  
 Not to have seen my Cure till 't was too late.

Yet thou whom love so long to me hath join'd,  
 The greatest, dearest want now of my Mind :  
 Pour a kind Word sometimes in *Cæsars* Ears,  
 And soften his just Anger with thy Tears.  
*Summon* all thy whole Favour to obtain  
 The poor Exchange, but of my Place of Pain.  
 And this too as my Crime was free from Sin,  
 And only did with Ignorance begin.  
 Prudence forbids me now to make it known,  
*How to my Eies the fatal Sight was shown.*  
 My Soul too trembles at the Wounds review,  
 That with a fresh Remembrance bleeds anew.  
 And what I now should blush but to descry,  
 'Tis better it in Silence fairly dye.  
 I'll say no more than but I did offend,  
 Yet had my Crime no self-rewarding End.

And justly should my Fault be called in,  
 And stamp't with Name of Folly not of Sin.  
 Which if't be otherwise let me be so far sent,  
 Where this may be the Suburbs of my Banishment.

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## E L E G Y V.

To Perilla.

*Whom he had instructed in Poetry.*

GO happy Paper kiss the dear white Hands,  
 Of fair *Perilla*, with thy Lords Commands.  
 Thou'lt find her sit by her sweet Mothers Side ;  
 Or in Discourse with Books, her only Pride.  
 Which strait she'll leave how'e're imploy'd she be,  
 To come and ask a Thousand Things of me.  
 Tell her then that I live, yet fain would die,  
 Whose Wounds bleed still with their old Misery.  
 Yet fondly love my Gentle Murd'ers still,  
 And haunt the *Muses* us'd their Priest so ill.  
 Learn too if she the Sacred Art retain,  
 Of Melting Numbers after my Soft Strein.

For since kind Nature did thy Beauty Grace,  
 With manners Chast and Sweet as are thy Face:

Thy

Thy Blooming Years with riper Virtue blest ;  
 And added Charming Wit to crown the Rest ;  
 This I to keep th' ingenious Vein alive,  
 Did to the Springs of Poetry derive.  
 And as I saw it first, I first became,  
 The tender *Guardian* of that Youthful Flame.  
 And Ah ! may Fortune never take that Part ;  
 Liv'd then the dear Chast Partner of thy Heart.  
 Then if thou still preserve that Vestal Flame,  
 Thou mayst in all be *Sappho*, but her Shame.

But Ah ! I fear that thou art idle grown ,  
 And blushest now those Tender Things to own.  
 Oft the fair Scholar thou, Kind Master I,  
 By turns fate judge each others Lines to try :  
 But thou by the Ear didst judge, and I by th' Eie.  
 Oft on thy Verse my Liking Soul did dwell ;  
 And oft thy Faults, ofter thy Praises tell ;  
 And made thee blush for having wrote so well.  
 Yet thou perchance warn'd by thy Masters Fall,  
 Lest thou shouldst write like him, ne're writ'st at all.  
 But fear not, thy chaste Verse should love inspire,  
 Thy Eies more dang'rous are to light that Fire.

Oh ! throw then all such vain Pretences by,  
 And to those Liberal Arts thy Mind apply.  
 For when that bright, Soul-Charming Face of thine,  
 Shall wither'd grow by the dark Hand of Time ;  
 And Age shall steal the Lovely Form away  
 That men thou hast been Fair shall only say :

When Beauty in its ruin's they Espy;  
Thou'lt mourn in vain, and give thy Glas the lye.  
So should thy Dowry with thy Worth agree;  
Which as they are now, far unequal be :  
Fortune that gave it too, as soon can take,  
And *Irus* of the wealthiest *Cræsus* make.  
In all we hold, we Mortals nought can find  
Immortal, but the Riches of our Mind.  
So I though stript of all, that I could be,  
My Friends, my Fortune, and my Fairest thee,  
In spite of *Cæsar* hold that Treasure still ;  
And keep the Wit, that I employ'd so ill.  
Then though I should by th' Sword untimely fall,  
Yet shall my Fame outlive my Funeral.  
And whilst that *Rome* shall stand the Worlds Chief  
Head,  
Her *Ovid* too shall be admir'd and read.  
Thou too whose *Muse* thy Ashes shall outlive,  
And thy bright Face with no less Charms Survive ;  
Make thy blest Soul mount from the funeral Flame,  
To endless Glory on the Wings of Fame.



E L E G Y VI.

*On his Birth-day.*

**L**O my superfluous Birth-day's come again,  
 That to my Life transfer'd my Mothers Pain.  
 Too Cruel light; thou shouldst have shone no more,  
 And set' not Rise on the Worlds farthest Shore.  
 Well may those Blushes stain thy rising Face,  
 To follow me thus far to my Disgrace.  
 When thou wert first, thou shouldst my last have been,  
 And I thy too kind Light no more have seen.  
 Thou mightst aswell, as all my Friends did do,  
 In *Rome* have took thy Gratefuller *Adieu*.

Why com'st thou here with thy Officious Light,  
 Did *Cæsar* banish thee too from his Sight?  
 Or dost expect thy wonted Honours here,  
 That I should in white Virgin Robes appear;  
 To crown the Altars with a flow'ry Wreath,  
 Whilst hallow'd Fires delightful incense Breath:  
 And pay for thee a Votive Sacrifice,  
 That thou may'st long, and happy to me rise?  
 Ah no! my Days are not so gently clear,  
 That I should Joyful be to see thee here,  
 My funeral Pile I for an Altar have,  
 For Fire those Flames that light me to my Grave,

Sad

Sad *Cypress* Wreaths to crown the Sacrifice,  
 Soft Sighs for Pray'ers, for Incense, dropping Eies.  
 And while I in this false-nam'd Region stand,  
 The *Euxine*, or good hospitable Land:  
 If I must be devout in such a Place,  
 My Prayer shall be, *Ne're more to see thy Face.*

---

## E L E G Y VII.

*To his Lady :*

**Y**E Artick Signs the Northern Heavens pride,  
 Whose Light's the Mediterranean Pilots guide ;  
 That never set but Wheel your narrow Round,  
 In your slow Polar Sphere, above the Ground:  
 And half still of the Earthly Globe command,  
 Priviledg'd by the Places where you stand ;  
 Back to those Ancient Walls your Sight return,  
 That once provok't prov'd *Remus* Fatal Scorn.  
 That your bright Eies may my Dear <sup>Lady</sup> ~~Lady~~ see,  
 And tell me if sometimes she think of me.  
 But Ah ! why should I doubt of what's so plain,  
 And rack my Mind on such a killing Pain.  
 Shall I not rather what's so firm believe,  
 And certain Faith, to hers, more certain give,  
 Then what those shining Globes can't do so well,  
 Thou to thy self infallible mayst tell.

"She

"She thinks most of thee <sup>thee</sup> ~~thou~~ dost most desire,  
 "And in thy dear Name keeps her Vestal Fire.  
 "Preserves thy Lively Image in her Breast,  
 , 'And treats it as her Souls soft tend'rest Guest:  
 Ah doth not grief (*My Dear*) oft steal thy Sleep  
 Away, and teach thy slumb'ring Eies to weep?  
 Dost thou not think each Night an Age to be,  
 That us'd to seem but a short Hour with me?  
 And woo the Bed to yield thy Lord again;  
 Groping with thy kind Arms for me in Vain?  
 All this I know thou dost and where love trode,  
 Grief in his Gentle Footsteeps, makes his Road.  
 Nor could great *Hectors*, poor sad Lady prove  
 More feeling Sorrow in her Tender Love;  
 To see both Hers, and *Troy's* dear safe delight,  
 Drag'd round those Walls he conqu'ring us'd to fight,

Yet know I not my self (my absent Bliss)  
 What Dress of mourning on thy Soul I'de wish.  
 If thou art sad, I grieve to make thee so;  
 If not, thou ought'st, and then I'mc troubled too.  
 Mourn then the loss of me thou Kindest Wife,  
 And spend in handsom Sorrow, thy Chast Life.  
 Let Tears thy Losses tell; Tears that to grief  
 Seem still a Pleasure, and their sole relief.

But would those bright Eie-dropping Pearls might fall,  
 T'have been th' Expences of my Funeral.  
 Then had my Soul melted to native Air,  
 And Gently mixt with thy Sweet Breath, *my Fair*.

Then

'Then had thy soft Hand clos'd these Eies of mine,  
 Looking tow'rds Heav'n and find it in thine.  
 Then for a Tomb I had exchang'd this Frame,  
 And giv'n it back to th' Earth from whence it came.  
 And as I blameless liv'd so had I died,  
 Nor lost my spotless Fames rich honest Pride.  
 But how unhappy now if his poor Name,  
 Thou thought'st thy Glory once, now seem thy Shame!  
 Unhappy if thou blush to hear men tell,  
 Thou art the Wife that *Ovid* lov'd so well!  
 Ah! where's the time when thou wert bold to own,  
 Thy happy Lord, and joyd'st to make him known?  
 When thou wert pleas'd that I was only *Thine*,  
 And tookst a Virtuous Pride to be call'd *Mine*.  
 Nay to that height thy honest Flames did rise,  
 Ev'n my Defects lookt lovely in thy Eies.  
 Nor was there any, I then seem'd so dear,  
 Whom to thy *Ovid* thou could'st then prefer.  
 Now too no unkind Blush should print thy Shame,  
 And only Tears set forth thy Husband's Name.  
 And as *Evadne* with a bold Embrace,  
 Own'd daring *Capaneus* in the Gods Disgrace,  
 And kist their Thunder off his Blasted Face:  
 Or flaming *Phaetons* kind Sisters try'd  
 To quench his fierce Flames, with their softer Tide:  
 And *Cadmus* thought poor *Sem'les* love no shame,  
 To prove her own, that perish't in *Joves* Flame:  
 So should'st thou not repent (*my Dear*) thy Choice,  
 To find me Thunder-struck by *Cæsars* Voice.

But as a kind obliging Wife would do,  
 Raise with my Mis'ry thy Affection too.  
 And from my hard Fate, strike those Glorious Raies,  
 That light brave Souls through the rough Paths of Praise.

Natures best Foil is Opposition still,  
 Who made the Way to Virtue lye through ill.  
 So had the Face of *Troy* no Clouds e're seen,  
*Hector* had happy, but not Famous been.  
 Nor *Typhys* Art but for the Waves renown'd,  
 Or *Phæbus* Skill, had man no Sicknefs found.  
 "True Virtues are oppress'd by Fortunes Light,  
 "And shine like Diamonds brightest in the Night.  
 Let thy Name then, through the dark Clouds of mine,  
 In Loves bright Flames (*my Dear*) for ever shine.  
 And with the Threds which my black Fate hath spun,  
 Weave, what I wish thee, an immortal Crown.

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L OVID'S

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# OVID'S ELEGIES.

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## The Fourth Book.

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### *Of his Troubles.*

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#### ELEGY I.

*To his Lady to petition Cæsar for  
his Removal.*

**M**E thinks (*my Dear*) I see thee trembling  
stand,  
Pale with a loving Fear, and eager Hand,  
To open each Epistle from this Shore:  
But thy Lord's health thou now needst fear no more.  
Whose soft Complexion to rough ills inur'd  
Is hardened now by what I have endur'd.  
Yet still my Mind lyes in the same Condition,  
And gets no strength from time, Griefs best *Physician*.  
And those old Wounds my happy Fortune slew,  
Bleed still as fresh as if they were but new.

For



For Time whose Healing touch slight ills can cure,  
 Makes great ones larger and their Pains endure.  
 So *Philoctetes* ten Years felt the Smart,  
 Of his Friends *Pois'nous* ill bequeathed dart.  
 And *Telephus* no Cure had ever found,  
 Had not the Hand that gave it heal'd the Wound.  
 So may he too that gave me mine Believe,  
 Me worthy first, and then my Fate relieve.  
 And think my Pains so near to Justice come,  
 As to remit the Rigour of his Doom.  
 For though he part release 'twill be so small,  
 That what remains may justly serve for all.  
 As many Sands as hath the Sea ; Green Meads  
 Have painted Flowers, and those Flow'rs have Seeds :  
 As many Birds as swim ith' liquid Air,  
 Earth Beasts, or Waters gilded Fishes bear ;  
 So many Ills I feel, which who would tell,  
 The Waves o'th' Sea might number e'en as well.  
 For though I pass by those upon the Way,  
 The Ills I suffer'd both by Land and Sea ;  
 'Tis Misery enough to live confin'd,  
 To th' worst Part of the World and of Mankind.

Hence I should sure transported be (my Life)  
 Didst thou but act the Part of a Kind Wife.  
 That God on whom the Fate of *Rome* relies ;  
 Hath oft prov'd easy to his Enemies.  
 Then since his Mercy makes thee safe, *my Dear* ;  
 And to thy kind Address inclines his Ear :

Why should'st thou doubt to move his Clement Mind?  
 Ah! 'tis not he but thou that Art unkind.  
 If thou (which sure thou never canst) forsake,  
 Me too, whence shall I any Comfort take.  
 I must at last then to the Altars flee,  
 Who have no Friends (*my Dear*) but Heav'n and Thee.

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## ELEGY II.

*To his Lady on her Birth-day.*

AS glad *Ulysses* on his Ladies feast,  
 To th' Altars brought his Soul still richly drest;  
 With Joy I go to celebrate, *my Dear*,  
 Thy Birth-day, brought about by th' turning Year.  
 May all kind happy Words hang on my Tongue,  
 That hath been kept, from all good Sounds so long.  
 And clad in white unlike my Fate appear,  
 (A Colour I can wear but once i'th' Year.)  
 That to the Sudden Altar I may go,  
 Rais'd with green Turf, and wreaths of Flow'rs bestow;  
 And with Heav'n-pleasing Incense, and rich Wine,  
 Feed the fat Flames, and move the Pow'rs Divine;  
 "To grant that she her Birth-day still may find,  
 "Unlike her Lords and white as is her Mind.  
 "If you have any Wounds for her in store,  
 "Let mine suffice, and torture her no more.

"May

"May she her Daughter, Friends, and Countrey see,

"In Happiness and with them happy be,

"And feel no Want of any Thing but me.

"May she her dear Lord love, though Absent, still,

"And her white Days in blessed Peace fulfil.

I'de wish the Rest of mine to hers might go,

But that I fear they should infect them to.

For what in this Life's sure? Who'de e're have guest,

I should in *Scythia* celebrate this Feast?

But lo! the sweet Flames rarify'd to smoke,

March tow'rds the Right and into *Italy* look.

And sure of Sense and Reason they're possess,

Although we cannot well discern the Rest.

For so the Flames that into Ashes drew,

The *Theban* Brothers, who each other flew;

As if they knew their parting Souls desire,

Made a black Schism in the Fun'ral Fire.

This when *Callimachus* soft *Muse* did tell,

I thought 'twas but a Fable dress'd up well.

Now I believe it, since the smok's so wise

To fly tow'rds *Italy* as I'de advise.

This is the only Day, i'th' Year doth fall,

That I have Reason to keep Festival.

For this it was, that brought that Dear Soul forth,

Equals *Erigenes* Heroick Worth.

Love, Modesty, and Faith were with her born,

And all the Gifts but Joy her Birth adorn,

Instead of that almost a widow'd Life,

Sorrow came forth and undeserved Grief,

"For 'twas decreed by Heav'n, great Souls should still,  
 "Improve their Virtue on some Subject ill.  
 So had *Ulysses* no Afflictions found,  
 His Wife had happy been, but ne're renown'd.  
 And Poor *Evadne* lost her Noble Name,  
 Had not bold *Capaneus* dur'd the Thund'rers Flame.  
 If any but her Lord first touch the shore,  
*Laodamia* would be prais'd no more.  
 Nor would of Fifty that one Sisters Name,  
 But for her *Linus* stand i'th' Rolls of Fame.  
 Thy Praise had been less too, but for my Harms,  
 (Ah would it were and I more in thy Arms!)  
 At least (*Mild Cæsar*) whom I wish to see,  
*Nestors* long Years, and then a God shall be.  
 Let me the Burthen bear of my Offence,  
 But spare her Dear, her Lovely Innocence.

---

## E L E G Y III.

In Imitation  
 Of

*Ovid's 12. Eleg. lib. 5. Trist. Who having  
 been acquainted by his Lady that she had  
 been upbraided in Company with his banisht  
 Name, and put to the Blush, writes thus in  
 Answer to her.*

**M**Y Bleeding Heart's toucht with a Gentle Pain,  
 My Dear, to hear thy Amorous Lines complain.  
 Thou

Thou art upbraided with my banisht Name,  
 And often forc't to blush twixt Love and Shame.  
 Oh! let me answer that kind Red with mine,  
 Who needs must blush, to be the Cause of thine.  
 And as our Hearts, whence flows that purple Flood,  
 Both kindly symphatize, so let our Blood.  
 A comely modest Blush we often find,  
 Is like the Morning-dawn to a clear Mind.  
 That at the very Shadow of an Ill,  
 The guiltless Cheeks with bashful Streams doth fill.  
 As if the Heart to hide the Mind from Shame,  
 Spread o're the Face, a Veil of purple Flame.  
 And though the Colour's often worn by Sin,  
 Against its Will; 'tis but when they begin.  
 The Blush comes most, where there is least Offence,  
 Mistaken signs of a lost Innocence.  
 Ah! what ungentle Breast then could espy,  
 Such honest Paint upon thy fair Cheeks lye.  
 And not send guilty Blood into his Face,  
 To cause in thine that innocent Disgrace.  
 He shut his Eyes sure, and then us'd his Tongue,  
 Or look't not on thee when he did thee wrong:  
 For thine inspire such Charming soft delight,  
*Jove* would let fall his Thunder at their Sight.

But he's mistaken too, that will afford,  
 No better Term, than Exile to thy Lord.  
 For though by *Cæsars* Doom I am remov'd  
 From *Rome* and thee, that above *Rome* I lov'd.

Yet

Yet he that was my Judge will put my Plea:  
 That I'me not Banisht, and but sent away.  
 He gave me Life and Goods, though without Cause,  
 The Priviledges of my Birth and Laws.  
 And did me only from his Presence send,  
 And 'twas my greatest Pain him to offend.

No Creature too can suffer Banishment  
 Till it be drove forth of its Element.  
 Thy Heart was mine then, Love its utmost Sphere;  
 Whose Natural Element is in thee, *my Dear*.  
 And thence I'me sure *Cæsar*, nor mighty *Jove*;  
 — Nor all the *Siren* Charms of Wit and Love,  
 Thy dearest *Ovid* ever can remove. }  
 What? though our Bodies no commerce can know,  
 For that's an Union sordid, base and low.  
 Our Souls from which we all our Joys derive,  
 Together mix, and in each other live.  
 Me thinks each Day I am of thee possesst,  
 And ev'ry Night thou lyest upon my Breast.  
 For when sleep steals away my Soul from me,  
 (And where should it be gone then but to thee?)  
 As it with Day returns from thee, My Saint,  
 It all those Scenes of Bliss doth lively Paint.  
 And tells long thoughtful stories of the Charms.  
 And virtuous Joys it tasted in thy Arms.  
 Then since no Power on Earth can hinder me,  
 From Loving, and from being lov'd by thee.  
 Till I can be divided from thy Heart,  
 And suffer in thy Love my tend'rest Part :



It should cause his, and not thy honest Shame,  
To have aspers'd me with a Banisht Name.  
Then blush no more, *My Dear*, to be call'd so,  
But let the barb'rous base Detractor know.  
That 'tis a Pleasure not a Pain to be  
Absent from *Rome*, where I his Face might see.

---

ELEGY IV.

To his Lady.

*To encourage her to address her self for him  
to the Empress Livia, and Petition for his  
Removal.*

**T**Hou Icy *Euxin* on whose frozen Tide,  
The first bold Ship, that ever sail'd did ride,  
When shall I see that Joyful happy Day,  
Shall take me from thy barb'rous Shores away.  
'Tis thou that doest my punishment enhance,  
And add'st thy Miseries to my Mischance.  
Fruitful of Nought but ills, thy barren Sand,  
Receiv'd not one good Seed from Natures Hand.  
Thou seest no spring with flow'ry Wreaths adorn  
His Temples, nor stript Reapers fell thy Corn.  
No *Autumn*, leaves his lussy Bunches here,  
But a perpetual Winter all the Year.  
That *Glazes* o're the Surface of the Deep,  
The twinkling Fish, through icy Windows Peep.

No Streams flow here, but from the briny Sea,  
 That Cause worse thirst than that they take away.  
 No lofty Oak, low Shrub, or happy Tree,  
 The Field's another Picture of the Sea.  
 Here come no feather'd *Queristers* of the Wood;  
 But such as with rough throats drink the salt Flood.  
 Nothing but Worm-Wood, grows on the bare Sand,  
 A bitter Harvest fit for such a Land.  
 To these fierce Foes, with Courage fraught and hate,  
 And poison'd Darts, that give a double Fate.  
 A Region too where none can e're arrive,  
 With any Hopes they shall return alive.  
 It is no Wonder then, that I request,  
 Some milder Climate, where to be a Guest.  
 But more, *My Dear*, that thou should'st not prevail,  
 With all thy Tears to free me from this Jayl.  
 Thou seek'st what 'tis that I would have thee do :  
 Seek but in earnest, and thou needs must know.  
 Wishes will ne're prevail unless thou make  
 It thy whole Business both asleep and Wake.  
 Those I of others have; for who can e're,  
 So cruel be, as still to wish me here.  
 But thou no Opportunity must lose,  
 And to obtain it thy whole Forces use.  
 And by thy Diligence, *my Dear*, transcend  
 In that of Wife the Duty of a Friend.  
 Thy Name stands in my Verse upon record :  
 The best of Wives to th' most unhappy Lord.  
 Prove not degen'rous then, but make thy Worth,  
 Above the Praise of him that sets it forth.

Should

Should mine be silent yet the Tongue of Fame  
 Would busily enquire into thy Name.  
 For now on the Worlds Theatre I'me seen,  
 With greater Notice to the Eies of men.  
 So *Capaneus* was by *Joves* Thunder known,  
 And more conspicuous in his Misery grown,  
*Amphiarauus* to the dead World drown'd,  
 Through the dry Land, for his strange Fate renown'd,  
 If any Room be left too for my Name,  
 To stand with theirs in the long Rolls of Fame,  
 With no less Praise than Lovely *Battis* thine,  
*My Dear*, for ever, shall be join'd with mine.  
 Upon a publick Stage thou act'st thy Life,  
 Each Eie's a Witness to thy Part of Wife.  
 For who but ask, when they my Verse peruse,  
 Where thy deserts be equal to my *Muse*.  
 And though most give thy Virtue due applause,  
 Some to condemn it too will seek each Cause.  
 Give then their Envious Search no ground to say,  
 Thou art grown cold for me now I'me away.  
 Whose single Duty 'tis, whilst I am gone,  
 To draw the Matrimonial Yoke alone.

Now when I languish at the Point of Death,  
 Preserve, *My Dear Physician*, my last Breath.  
 To save thy Life, were my Condition thine  
 I would endeavour with the Loss of mine.  
 By Love and Honour then and thy past Life,  
 Thou art engag'd to be a Faithful Wife.

And by that House, where thou should'st be profess'd,  
A no less Virtuous then a Welcom Guest.  
For who can think if thou thy Lord neglect,  
Thou hast for *Martia* any true Respect.  
Nor with the Rest, wilt thou deny my Share,  
In the soft Motives of thy Love and Care.  
Whose Grateful Breast so great return hath show'd,  
Of all the kind Obliging seeds I sow'd.  
Yet all thy Rest in this one Act record,  
To love with all his Mis'ries thy Dear Lord.  
Nor canst thou better shew, *my Dear*, that Love,  
Than to Petition now for my Remove.  
Though great for others, yet but small for me,  
Is this request, and not unsafe for thee.  
Nor take it ill, that I the same Thing press,  
So oft to thee, thou dost for me no less.  
'Tis but to animate thy Virtue on,  
That it continue what it has begun.  
And though I blow the Trumpet to thy Name;  
Courage inspire with the Love of Fame.  
'Tis not with Noble Wounds that thou shou'dst buy,  
*Amazon* like by Arms my Liberty.  
But the most Mild of all Gods to appease,  
And only make his Pow'rful Anger less.  
If thou no Favour hast, yet thou hast Tears,  
And those to such are the most moving Pray'rs.  
Shou'd those be wanting, cast thy Thoughts on me,  
And then they cannot chuse but ready be.  
Whose Fortune gives thee still a fresh Supply,  
A Spring as deep as thy Lords Misery.

And were my Life to be redeem'd by thine,  
 (Which I abhor) *Alceste* thou'dst outshine.  
 Kindly with chaste *Penelope* beguile,  
 Each flatt'ring *Suitor* by some pious Wile.  
 And with *Laodamia* try to prove;  
 Death cannot those divide, that truly Love.  
 Or else of Matchless *Iphias*, Courage learn,  
 With thy dead Husbands Body thine to burn.  
 But thou for me no other Wounds needs prove,  
 But what were made by the soft Hand of Love.  
 No Steel, Nor Poyson, but one moving Praier,  
 Pour'd for thy Lord into *Augusta's* Ear.  
 Whose Spotless Virtue doth as far surpass,  
 The chastest of her Sex, as doth her Face.  
 On which so much Divinity doth sit,  
 That 'twas alone for Godlike *Cæsar* fit.

Why shou'dst thou fear such Sweetness then to Meet,  
 And throw thy self at her obliging Feet.  
 'Tis no *Medea*, thou hast to entreat,  
 Or *Progne* cruel in her Pious Cheat.  
 None of those bloody Presidents, whose rage  
 Put off the Softness of their Sex and Age.  
 But both the Chief and best of Woman kind,  
 Whose Fortune equal to her noble Mind,  
 Has clear'd the false Reproach of being blind.  
 Then whom the World holds nothing that's more bright.  
 But him reflects back her Imperial Light

Time then thy soft Address, when thou shalt find,  
That it may sail with a convenient Wind.  
The Temples do not always open stand,  
Nor Oracles their Answers back remand.  
But when thou seest the gentle Hand of Peace,  
Smooth ev'ry Face, and give her Writs of Ease:  
When thou shalt find the great *Augustus* Court,  
Fill'd like the Temples with a glad Resort,  
Than boldly for a kind Admittance press,  
The fittest Time to tender thy Address.  
Yet if some Weightier business on her call,  
Better then move it than not move at all.  
But when the Senators the Court attend,  
Make through and thy Petition recommend.  
And to the Presence, when thou com'st, *my Dear*,  
Remember who it is that sends thee there.  
Upon thy Knees her kind Approaches meet,  
And throw thy self at her Imperial Feet.  
Then let thy Eies some Passion speak, and Tears,  
Instead of Words, deliver up thy Pray'rs.  
Beg only I may be remov'd from hence,  
"But mention not be sure my ill offence.  
This short Petition too will prove too long,  
And the Words drop imperfect off thy Tongue.  
Nor will this Prejudice thy suit but be,  
A natural Figure us'd to Majesty.  
Or if thou weep Part of thy Words away,  
"Our Tears sometimes more than our Tongues can say."



Go in a Kind, Auspicious Hour be sure,  
And first the Heav'ns on thy Side secure.  
With Altars flaming in rich hallow'd Wine,  
And Sacred Incense, please the Powers Divine.  
But most the Godlike *Cæsars* Name implore.  
And his Dear *Livia's* Deity adore.  
Whom now I wish (what they were us'd to be)  
As kind Obliging to thy Tears and thee,  
As thou, *my Dear*, hast alwaies been to me.

}  
}

E L E G Y V.

To his Friend Cotta.

**T**O thee, Dear *Cotta*, may that Health I send,  
As truly come as thou hast been a Friend,  
For I can but a half Affliction feel,  
Whilst thou my other Dearest Part art well.  
Thou art the Anchor that doest kindly stay  
The beaten Vessel, where my Fortune lay.  
To thy bright Constant Love what do I owe,  
Who can excuse all those that were not so?  
When Thunder on some gazing Croud doth fall,  
Though't hit but one with Fear it wounds them all,  
And he alone stands like a Threatning Wall:  
Or some infected Person whom all shun,  
For fear of Marrying his Contagion.

}  
}

So many of my Friends did faithless prove,  
 More through the Want of Courage than of Love.  
 Their Fear was more, and not their Kindness less,  
 Those Gods that me had ruin'd to displease.  
 Nor can I those Friends ill or Faithless call,  
 Who prudently withdrew t'avoid my Fall,  
 Nor will my Candour suffer me t'accuse  
 Those who their own before my Fortune chuse.  
 And wish they may accept the Blanks I cast,  
 To write their Pardons in for what is past.

You then my Small but better part of Friends  
 Whose gen'rous Constancy your Faith commends,  
 Shall find your Names when I in Dust am writ,  
 Seal'd with the Mem'ry of each Benefit :  
 Some thing Immortal I shall leave behind,  
 To which you too shall be for ever join'd.  
 ' For Fame descends not to the silent Grave,  
 ' The fun'ral Pile can but our Bodies have.  
 As *Pylades*, and *Theseus* Names survive,  
 Their Ashes still, and in their Memories live ;  
 So Ages yet unborn, shall sing your Love,  
 And with my Verse your Constancy approve,  
 Already here the bar b'rous *Getes* are grown.  
 Acquainted with your Names, and Kindness own,  
 For when I lately did your Friendships Grace,  
 (As I have learn't the Language of this Place,)  
 One of the Standers by, a grave old Man,  
 This Answer made, and thus his Speech began.

"We

"We in this World know (worthy Guest) the Name  
 "Of Friendship too, and kindly use the same.  
 "Not far from hence upon the *Scythian* Land,  
 "Of old call'd *Tauros* doth a City Stand.  
 "To which I owe my Birth; and heretofore,  
 "They did the great *Diana* here adore,  
 "The Temple still is standing nobly rais'd,  
 "With Fourty Steps, on Marble Pillars plac'd  
 "Within the Goddess Image stood, and there,  
 "The Pedestal that bore it doth appear.  
 "The Bloody Altar-stone that was before,  
 "White Marble, now is turn'd to red with gore,  
 "On which the Virgin *Priestess* (who must be  
 "The eldest of the Noblest Family;)  
 "Was us'd to lay the last arriv'd Guest,  
 "And sacrifice his Blood up for the Rest.  
 "This Custom lasted till great *Thoas* reign'd,  
 "Who for his warlike Deeds much Fame had gain'd.  
 "At what Time, as our best Traditions tell,  
 "The fair *Iphigenia* from Heav'n fell.  
 "Whom great *Diana* through the liquid Air,  
 "Brought on a Winged Cloud and set down there.  
 "This Tender Maid long time against her Will  
 "The bloody ingrateful Priesthood did fulfil.  
 "At length two Noble Princely Youths arriv'd,  
 "Whose friendly Souls in one another liv'd.  
 "Their Blooming Years and Love were both the same,  
 "Orestes one, *Pylades* to'thers Name.  
 "Strait these were bound, and to the Altar brought,  
 "With Love and patient Courage nobly fraught.

- "The Virgin her bright *Victims* here receives,  
 "And as she took she something with them leaves,  
 "For while she did the Usual Rites prepare,  
 "With scrupulous Delaies, and more than Care:  
 "Tied on the Garlands, which she slowly wove,  
 "And thought she never could be long enough.  
 "Her Eies were grown acquainted with her Heart,  
 "And with some Tears, these pittying Words impart.  
     *Pardon brave Youths that I a tender Maid,*  
     *By Custom not by Nature cruel made;*  
     *Must be thus Barbarous to see you die,*  
     *And cause both yours and my own Misery.*  
     *Yet so much time Ple grant you, to declare*  
     *Your Countrey and unhappy Voyage here.*  
 "Which to the pious Maid they tell, and she  
 "Strait knew them her own Contreymen to be;  
 "And passes in their Favour this Decree,  
     *That one a Victim to the Gods should fall,*  
     *The other Back into his Countrey sail.*  
 "Pylades straits bids dear Orestes go,  
 "Orestes would the Lot on him bestow,  
 "They would have neither, and yet both will stay,  
 "Whilst each would send his dearer Friend away.  
 "This was the only Thing their Lives did see,  
 "Wherein this blest Pair knew to disagree.  
 "But whilst their gen'rous Hearts in Love contend,  
 "Each Gallantly to die and save his Friend.  
 "She wrot the while and one of them commands,  
 "To carry those Back to her Brothers Hands.

But

"But he she wrot to did the Lines recieve,  
 "And she both to her Brother send and give.  
 "Which by a Kind Reflection when they knew,  
 "Shee free'd them both and th' Idol overthrew,  
 "Such was the Friendship of this Matchless Pair,  
 "Fame there their Names still on her Breast doth wear.

He scarce had ended when the Standers by  
 Applaus'd all their gen'rous Piety.  
 If then soft Friendship, and kind gentle Love,  
 The Hearts of the most Barb'rous *Getes* can move:  
 If they are with such Tenderness possess'd,  
 How should it work upon a *Romans* Breast?  
 But more on thine, whom Natures gentle Hand,  
 Tun'd to a softness Fit for Loves command.  
 Who never car'd to be more great then Good;  
 Though from the *Loins* of Kings thou draw thy Blood:  
 And to thy House, then that thou didst receive,  
 More of thy own Nobility dost give.  
 Best then of Men, be so too, to thy Friend,  
 And make my ill Fate, with my Letter, end:

N<sup>o</sup> 2 ELEGY

## ELEGY VI.

To his Lady.

*That he had eterniz'd her Name by his  
Verse.*

**T**Hou no less Beautiful than Virtuous Wife,  
Dearer unto my Soul than my own Life.

Hast seen the Monument my Verses raise,  
To tell to after Ages thy just Praise.

Though Fortune clip my Wings, yet shalt thou fly,  
Rais'd by my Wit t' a long Eternity.

With me thy Name shall be admir'd and read,  
Nor writ in Perishing dust when thou art dead.

Though thou Unfortunate to some appear,  
Yet more will envy thee thy Fate, *my Dear*;  
And wish themselves as Miserable, so they  
Might steal the Glory of thy Praise away.

Less had the Gift been, though I crowns had gave.

'The Rich no Wealth can carry to their Grave

But I have made thy Fame for ever Live,

The one Eternal Good that I can give.

Thou too hast been the dear Guard of my all,

Whose Charge aswell as praise doth on thee fall.

And in my Verse t' increase thy honest Pride,

Some Charming Epithet to thy Name is tied,

Then



Then that no dear Delusion it may seem,  
 Make thy clear Faith, as bright as my Esteem,  
 For whilst my Constant Fate did happy prove,  
 I was as happy in thy spotless Love.  
 Let me not lose them both, but keep the Last,  
 Thy Illustrious Beams o're my Black Fortune cast.  
 "Virtuous without Opposure," 'tis not hard,  
 "And good to prove, where Sin hath no reward.  
 "But spight of Fortune, and Temptations too,  
 "To stand unmov'd, that Virtue must be True.  
 "Yet where she is her own Reward alone.  
 "And sticks in Mis'ry when the Rest are gone.  
 "Such suffering Piety's, still rais'd at last,  
 "T' a bright immortal Fame, that ne're shall wast.  
 So all the fair Examples thou hast seen,  
 (To which thou in my Verse compar'd hast been.)  
 That drew the Noblest Copies of the Wife;  
 And priz'd their Husbands Love above their Life.  
 Have purged their Memories in the Funeral Flame,  
 And on Deaths Forehead writ immortal Fame.  
 Yet thou no greater Combat hast to prove,  
 But me and only me, thy Joy to love.  
 Were I to be thy present Dear Reward,  
 The Difficulty would then seem hard:  
 Nor think I doubt that thou wilt prove unkind,  
 'Cause thee so oft I of this Duty mind.  
 For by Exhorting still, what thou dost do,  
 My Warning but commends thee to be True,  
 And gives My Dearest Dear my last Adieu.

Two of  
**OVID'S EPISTLES:**

*Translated by the same Hand.*

**Penelope to Ulysses.**

**T**His from the chaste *Penelope* doth come,  
 To call her Dear, but slow *Ulysses* home;  
 Stay not so long as to write back; to me  
 Thy Presence will the Welcome Answer be.  
 The *Grecian* Ladies Envy ruin'd *Troy*,  
 Can now no longer your fam'd Arms employ.  
 And would the lovely Thief had shipwrackt been,  
 Ere he Fair *Helen* his bright Prize had seen.  
 Then should I not alone forsaken lie,  
 And count the tedious Minutes as they Fly.  
 Nor with my needle Work my Minds relief,  
 Whilst with the Colours too, I lay my Grief.  
 Ah! what strange Fears did I oft for thee prove?  
 So magnifying are the Eyes of Love.

I fan-

I fancied thee oft by, the *Trojans* Ta'ne,  
 And fainted but to hear of *Hectors* Name.  
 And when old *Nestors* Valiant Son was slain,  
 The Story touch't my Bleeding Heart with Pain.  
 But when *Patroclus* Fate I heard, My Tears  
 Ran down and on my Cheeks printed my Fears.  
*Tlepolem's* Blood that warm'd the *Lycian* Spear,  
 In his deep Wounds, made me grow cold with Fear.  
 And whosoe're o'th' *Greeks* resign'd his Breath,  
 The News shot through my Soul a Sudden Death.  
 But the Kind Heavens to my wisht desire,  
 Have wasted all those Terroures in *Troys* Fire.  
 The *Grecian* Princes are in Triumph come,  
 To bring the *Spoils* of conquer'd *Asia* home.  
 Each Faithful *Nymph* her Joyful Vows had paid,  
 She longing for her Lovers safety made ;  
 And trembling on his Charming Tongue doth dwell,  
 To hear him of his dear past Dangers tell.  
 Who to illustrate more the Pleasing them,  
 Presents their Eyes too with a Lively Scheme.  
 That on the Table in spilt Wine defines  
 The Siege and all th' Imag'nary Lines.  
 Here *Simois* follows his wet Finger down ;  
 That print o'th' Glass stands for the Walls o'th' Town.  
 The puddle there shews the *Sigæan* Flood ;  
 The Dry between, where *Priams* Palace stood.  
 Here lay *Ulysses*, there *Achilles* Tent,  
 And that way mangled *Hectors* Horses went.

For when I thither sent old *Nestor* thus,  
 To your Dear Picture Young *Telemachus*,  
 The Famous *Siege* describ'd and he to us.  
 Nor am I ign'rant how the Fatal Aid,  
 Of *Dolon* and Fair *Rhesus* you betraid.  
 And how you boldly with one Second went,  
 To fight an Host, and sack the *Thracian* Tent.  
 Ah! how could you forget your Tender Wife,  
 Thus vent'rous to expose hers in your Life.  
 Gods! with what Pain did I the Story hear,  
 And though I certain of your Safety were,  
 Such eager Fears did my poor Heart attend,  
 I thought you kill'd before I heard the End.

But what, Alas! am I thee better now,  
 That *Ilium's* Raz'd, and Corn i'th' place doth grow,  
 If I *My Dear Lord* must no more enjoy,  
 Than when he fought under the Walls of *Troy*?  
 Though Corn now grow where the Proud City stood,  
 And feeds its far'ned roots in *Phrygian* Blood.  
 The Plough breaks up the shallow Graves o'th' Dead,  
 And often turns up some Great Princes Head.  
 That Kisses the green Mossy Turf to hide  
 His, and his ruin'd City's humbled Pride.  
 I no Effects can of this Conquest see,  
 And *Troy* is standing still to only me.  
 For my slow Conquerour's no less away,  
 Nor know I what should breed his unkind Stay.

Though

Though I ne're fail by ev'ry Sail I see,  
To write, and ask a Thousand Things of thee.  
And with each Pilot leave my written Mind,  
To give my Lord if ever he him find.

To *Pylos Nestors* ancient Seat I sent,  
Who only knew, they knew not where you went.  
I sent to *Sparta* too to learn, and there  
They heard less of your Stay than we did here.  
Would then the Walls of *Troy* were standing still,  
I'me sorry now that e're I wisht them ill !  
I should know where to find thee, and to mine  
Each Lady her Kind Tears and Praiers would joine.  
Wars Dangers I should only dread, but now,  
My undistinguisht Fear doth all allow;  
Creates more fancied Dangers than the Sea,  
Or Land contains, to cause your ling'ring Stay.  
All these are bitter corrosives to my Breast,  
But there is one surpasses all the Rest.  
My Lord surpriz'd by her false *Siren* Charms,  
Lyes lock't perhaps in some New Mistress Arms.  
And to enhance the Pleasure of their Sin,  
Her Courtship doth with my Dispraise begin.  
Ah no ! I know thy Love's without Offence,  
But thou should'st come to prove thy Innocence.  
We Lovers Fear all that we do not know,  
And tho thou'rt True, — Yet it may not be so.  
But spight of all the Proofs that fear hath shown,  
I must conclude thy Faith's still like my own.

For tho my Father a new Marriage press,  
 With Treats and Promises, your Stay no less.  
 To all I only answer with my Will;  
 That yours I was, and yours I will be still.  
 This and the moving Language of my Eyes,  
 Discourse his Heart till he with mine complies.

But still whole Troups of flighted Suitors come,  
 And make thy Palace their Unwelcome home.  
 All that each Town and Neighbouring Isle affords,  
 The *Samian Princes*, and *Dulichian Lords*.  
 Such as are Famous for their Vices grown,  
 And boast their Crimes the Noise of them to drown.  
*Pisander* that to Lust his Health hath sold,  
 And Greazie *Polybus* whose God's his Gold.  
*Antinous* that wears his Lands on's back,  
*Eurymachus* that knows the sleighty Knack,  
 To lift a Plate, or handsomly Conveigh,  
 Unseen, a Ring or Diamond away.  
*Irus* whose Soul's as empty as his Purse,  
*Medon* whose wit Lies all in some new Curse.  
*Melanthius* that at Table cooks his Meat,  
 And makes a Kitching there, before he eat.  
 Though I to all these thy chaste Bed deny,  
 Thy Board I cannot in Civility.  
 And fear whilst we're unguarded to engage  
 By too much slight their peevish Villanous Rage.  
 For what can I, thy Son and Father do;  
 He with too many Years and this too few?



Whom thy Dear Image I had almost lost;  
 As he the Seas to rocky *Pylos* crost.  
 Oh may that dear desire of my Eyes,  
 The Face wherein thy Lovely Picture lyes,  
 Be ne're in his untimely Grave depos'd,  
 Till he in Peace his Parents Eies hath clos'd.  
 My short Retinue too, though Faithful all,  
 My Person to defend would prove too small.  
 Amidst such subtle Foes *Laertes* Hand,  
 Is now too weak the Scepter to command.  
 Your Son though he, in that grow like you too,  
 Yet he should first instructed be by you.  
 And I'me too weak their violent Force to stay,  
 Whilst you my dearest Safe-guard are away.  
 Oh then for that *Dear Pledge* of our Chast Love,  
 Whose Youth should under thy Tuition move.  
 For him that gave thee thy first Breath, and stands,  
 Expecting to yield his up in thy Hands.  
 And for this fading Beauties, Charming sake,  
 In which thou once didst so much Pleasure take.  
 And these Fair Eyes us'd not to beg in vain,  
 Make hast, *My Dear*, to my kind Arms again.

## *Dido to Æneas.*

**L**ike the poor Swan stretcht on his sedge Bed,  
That sings his own soft Requiems e're he's  
dead.

Write I these now, and not to move thy Mind,  
(For Heav'n and you Deaf to my Prayers I find.)  
And since I've lost my Innocence on you,  
My self and Fame, Ple lose a few Words too.  
Are you resolv'd to leave me then behind.  
And strike your Faith and Sails to the same Wind?  
Resolv'd your Vows and Ships shall go together,  
To seek new Kingdoms out you know not whether?  
Nor can my Royal Scepter, nor this City,  
Made yours with me, incline your Heart to pitty.  
But mine, both to your self and me unkind,  
You'll leave Imaginary Crowns to find.  
Suppose there were that Land which you pursue,  
Who think you'll giv't to those they never Knew?  
You must there too another *Dido* find,  
Again be perjur'd to deceive the Kind.  
When will you like to this a City build,  
And see its Channels with new Subjects fill'd?  
Or if all this should to your wish agree,  
Where will you have a Wife shall love like me.  
Whose Soul my Flames at once both burn and light,  
To view, *My Dear Æneas*, Day and Night.

That

That from my ill requited Love still Flies,  
And whom I'de live without if I were wife.  
For though he's ill, I cannot him forgo,  
But cry he's false, and false I love him too.

At least thy Pitty Mother let me prove,  
And *Cupid* teach thy Brother how to love,  
Or let my Heart melt with this soft desire,  
So he may still give Fuel to my Fire.  
But I'me deceiv'd for he's no Son of thine,  
His Genius Writes him not in thy soft Line.  
On Stubborn Rocks, or some rough Mountains Head,  
By Savage Beasts thou wert begot and bred.  
Or on the Seas such as thou now dost see;  
Through which thou yet resolv'st to fly from me.  
Where would'st thou go thus against Wind and Weather?  
Let that at least be kind and bring's together.  
To you than them I'de rather owe your Stay,  
But you I see are not so just as they.  
Nor can I sure such strong Aversion move,  
That thou should'st perish to avoid my Love.  
And thou at thy Dear Cruelty wilt repine,  
When thou shalt meet with Death's cold Arms for mine,  
Stay then a little and the Wind will cease,  
And smiling *Triton* smoothe the rough-brow'd Seas.  
Wou'd thou cou'dst change too with the Wind and Flood,  
And sure thou wilt if thou art Flesh and Blood.

'Twere some excuse had you not tried the Main,  
And been too oft deceiv'd to trust again.

So well you know the Dangers of the Deep;  
 'Tis hardly safe when in Soft calms they sleep.  
 But a worse Refuge for such perjur'd Men,  
 For 'tis the Place of Punishment for them.  
 By Birth it to the Queen of Love belongs,  
 There to revenge the injur'd Lovers wrongs.  
 Alas! I hurt thee sure by what I say,  
 And fear thou should'st like me be cast away!  
 No live thou dear Cause of my Funeral,  
 I'de rather lose thee so then lose thee all.  
 Yet think if some wild Storm thy Ship should tear,  
 (Oh! let me whisper't that no God may hear.)  
 How would thy Tongue thy Perjuries reveal,  
 And how *Troy* first than *Dido* by them fell?  
 Here's the sad Image of a too Kind Wife,  
 Drawn in her Tears and Blood now to the Life.  
 There shiv'ring Clouds their Fiery Bolts let fall,  
 And then thou'lt yield thou hast deserv'd it all.

Give then the Seas and thy more Cruel Wind,  
 Some Safe Delay, and bribe them to be kind.  
 Nor art thou all; spare Poor *Iulus* Breath,  
 Thou hast enough to Glory in my Death.  
 What hath he or the Gods thou carry'st done,  
 To save them from the Flames, and let them drown.  
 But thou hast none false Man as I believ'd,  
 Nor was thy Father from *Troys* Fate repriev'd.  
 'Tis all *Romance*: I am not thy first Sin;  
 Nor doth thy Treachery with me begin.

Where

Where fell the Beauteous Parent of thy Son,  
 But left by thee to burn with *Ilion*?  
 This did thy Silver Tongue gild o're so well,  
 I took't for Grief and Wept when thou didst tell,  
 Nor doubt I now but thy own Gods decree,  
 Thy seven Years Miseries by Land and Sea:  
 I took thee as an out-cast from the same,  
 And gave thee Kingdoms e're I knew thy Name.  
 Oh that my Kindness had no farther gone,  
 And I thy false Embraces ne're had known.

That Day to all my Misery laid the Scene;  
 That wept in Showers while we fled to the Den.  
 Methoughts the *Nymphs* mourn'd whilst I lost my  
 Treasure,

And Furies stood to seal the Fatal Pleasure.  
 Revenge *Sichæus* now thy injured Flame,  
 To thee alas! I come though full of Shame.  
 Here in my Chappel I've a Marble Piece,  
 In Mem'ry of him shrin'd in a soft Fleece.  
 Whence I was summond Four Times to appear,  
*Elisa* come, it murmur'd in my Ear.  
 I come, I come, that should be none but thine,  
 And would not stay so long but for my Crime.  
 Look on the Author, and forgive me then,  
 For that will call thy Anger in Agen.  
 A Prince for Blood and Piety renown'd,  
 How could I build my Love on surer Ground?  
 No fairer Face could on a Sin be set,  
 Add Faith and I cannot repent him yet.

But

But from the first unto the last I see,  
 My Thred of Life's spun forth of Misery.  
 First, *My Dear Lord* before the Altar dies,  
 His Gods and Covetous Brothers Sacrifice.  
 'Then forc't to leave his injur'd Ashes there,  
 I fled the *Assassine* on Wings of Fear.  
 And from the Seas at length and him set free,  
 I land and bought the shore I gave to thee.  
 My City now rear'd her proud head to th' Skyes,  
 But soon her Glory drew forth envious Eyes.  
 Strait Wars grew on me, fitter for Loves Charms,  
 Yet unprepar'd I stood the Fate of Arms.  
 And thousand Suitors gain'd, all now my Foes,  
 'Cause thee unknown before them all I chose.  
 Give me in Chains then to *Hiarbas* Will,  
 (At thy Request I should not stick at ill.)  
 Or Sacrifice me to *Pygmalions* Hate,  
 That I may marry too my Dear Lords Fate.

Lay down thy Gods, and touch not Holy Things,  
 "No unclean Hands can make good Offerings.  
 If they no better Servants have than thee.  
 They will repent, that e're they were set free.  
 Perhaps my Sin too Lives within my Womb,  
 Part of thee buried lyes in that soft Tomb.  
 Will thy Heart serve thee too, to see that Fall  
 With me, and cause an unborn Funeral?  
 Shall the soft thred of poor *Lulus* Brother,  
 Be twisted with the hard Fate of his Mother?



Oh ! but a God forbids thy longer stay,  
Would he'd forbid thee too, to come this way.  
He's sure some ill Guide, envious of thy Peace,  
That shews thee all the Mischiefs of the Seas.  
Such as did *Troy* in Glory shine again,  
*Troy* were not worth thy Seeking with such Pain.  
Much less *Hesperia*; where if e're thou come,  
At best thou'rt but a Guest and not at home.  
And as it Flyes thy vain discov'ring Fleet,  
Old Age will sooner thee than thou it meet.  
How much then better were it to sit down,  
Before these Dangers; and enjoy my Crown?  
Let *Troy* and *Tyre* but one *Empire* be,  
And I'll rule that and thou shalt govern me.  
Or if thou Wars desire, that thy Son  
May bring home early Laurels to his Crown:  
That thou mayst nothing want; such worthy Foes,  
I'll find him as 'tis Vict'ry but t' oppose.

Then by thy Father and thy Brothers Darts,  
The Gods that in thy Misery bear their Parts.  
By all thy Hopes *Troy* should its Fate survive,  
And its small Reliques still be kept alive.  
So may your Dear *Iulus* see white Dayes,  
And old *Anchises* Ashes rest in Peace.  
As thy Poor *Dido* doth thy Pitty prove,  
Who has no other Crime but too much Love.  
Nor canst thou think that she thy Foe will be,  
Who is so much her own in Loving thee.

If Wife's too much that Title I'll resign,  
 I will be any thing *My Dear* so thine.  
 The Genius too I know of these false Sands,  
 And how they rise and fall in doubtful Strands.  
 Then till soft *Gales* whisper your Sails away,  
 And floating Sea-weeds leave the foamy Bay.  
 Make me thy Pilot to observe the Weather,  
 And when 'tis safe I will not stay thee neither.  
 But now your Men want rest, your Ships repair,  
 And all things to your stay inviting are.  
 I with the Rest if I have any Claim,  
 Or that a Wife be only but a Name.  
 Make it my last Request, that you would stay,  
 But till my Grief grows calmer with the Sea.  
 But if you stand resolv'd this deny,  
 Know kinder Death shall end your Cruelty.  
 Ah! did my Image now before thee stand,  
 One holds the Pen, thy Sword the other Hand;  
 Whilst Tears that steel would soften wer't not thine,  
 Flow down and court it with my Heart to joine.  
 With little charge thou hast prepar'd my Tomb,  
 So well thy Present doth my Fate become,  
 Nor is it the first Wound my Breast doth bear,  
 For cruel Love has made a Deeper there.

Come *Anna* thou Dear Confident of my Shame,  
 Now help thy Sister to another Flame.  
 Write not *Sichæus* Wife upon my Herse,  
 But let the weeping Marble speak this Verse.

*Here lyes Ænea's Bleeding Dido; he  
 The Cause and Weapon gave, the last Wound she.*

*Claudia*

---

*Claudia to Ovid.*

---

*Written in Imitation of the Stile and  
Manner of Ovid's Epistles.*

---

The Argument.

*Claudia the Wife of Ovid having received the  
Elegies he wrot to her in his Banishment, from  
Tomos, returns these in Answer to him.*

**H** Ealth to her Dearest Exile she commends,  
Who can't enjoy without thee what she sends.  
With such pleas'd Eyes thy Charming Lines  
I see,

Thou only could'st, *My Dear*, more welcome be.  
A thousand Times aday I read them o're,  
And by repeating try to make them more.  
So sweetly Kind they are, that still the last,  
Perusal pleasant as the first doth tast.  
Fill'd with such dear Memoirs of Love and me,  
Make now thy *Troubles* my Felicity.  
Though in my Breast they cause a gentle Pain,  
Longing desires to see the back again ;

It seems a greater Torture not to prove.  
Those pleasing Torments of the Wounds of Love.  
Nor do I wonder thou should'st absent gain  
The Charming Art to make in Love a Pain.  
When at thy presence Torments turn delight,  
And Pain hath oft prov'd Pleasure in thy Sight.  
In such kind moving Words thou dost record,  
—Shy *Claudia's* Constant Faith to her Dear Lord,  
That I could even love my Misery,  
Drawn in so sweet a Picture—but for thee.]

But Ah ! those Praises cannot touch my Heart,  
Whilst I want thee, my feeling Tendrest Part.  
No solid Pleasure can an empty Name,  
Without thee bring on the bright Wings of Fame,  
For though I'm what I will be pious still,  
Alas ! I am but so against my Will.  
And I cou'd be content, *My Dear*, to be  
Less Virtuous--so I might be more with thee.  
I'll the clear Title of my Fame resign,  
To make thee present, as thou'rt absent mine,  
And sell the Glory of those Pious Charms,  
To buy thee but one Minute to my Arms.  
Where I might find a dear delightful Death,  
And on thy soft Lips kiss away my Breath.

Now in a sad Eclipse I sit alone,  
Whilst thou the Sun to all my Joys art gone.  
And languishing in bitter Anguish lye,  
With Restless thoughts, and only live to die.

"For sure to lead a mournful widow'd Life,  
 "Is worse then Death to a kind faithful Wife.  
 I thought it so when thou didst from me part,  
 That cruel Word *He's gone*, so struck my Heart,  
 I fainting fell and sigh'd my Soul away,  
 Which the Kind Gale did to thy Breast convey,  
 For strait it left my troubled Bosom here,  
 And fled to thine—Ah no! 'twas alwaies there.  
 And what the Helpless Body could not do,  
 Along with thee on Loves soft Wings it flew.  
 If Spirits with their thoughts a Journey take,  
 And so a Presence in their Objects make,  
 My Mind is banisht then with thee my Dear,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where all my Thoughts, all my Affections are,  
 For I can since no other Pleasures prove,  
 But Sighs and Tears the bitter Food of Love,  
 Sorrow and Grief's my daily Company,  
 My Dearest Friends, sad careful Thoughts of thee.  
 The Joy of other Ladies too my Dress,  
 Such as may truly mourn for thy Distress.  
 Each Thing, each Place doth now a Torment Prove,  
 Where once the dear *Scenes* lay of our past Love.  
 If to the Court I go, when I am there,  
 I think whose Presence made the Presence dear,  
 If to the Theatres I want the Verse,  
 Thy Charming Tongue did there so well rehearse,  
 If from kind Friends I seek a sad Relief,  
 And by their Presence try t'allay my Grief.  
 I with a Tear remember they were thine,  
 And then I weep for him that made them mine.

But

But when our Nuptial chaste Bed I survey,  
Where lock't in thy Kind Arms so oft I lay,  
I hardly can believe thou art away:  
But fold my empty Arms in thy Embrace,  
And fancy thy warm Lips still press my Face.  
And think I lay my Head upon thy Breast,  
That dear soft Pillow where it us'd to rest.  
Soon as the sleepy God that Motion ties,  
Hath laid his heavy Mace upon my Eies.  
By fancy's sweet Invention I strait prove,  
All those dear Innocent Joys of our chaste Love.  
And such soft Rest doth then my Senses keep,  
That I methinks could ever wish to sleep.  
But when I wake and find my self alone,  
And all those dear Delights with thee too gone.  
Love at my Eies distills my anxious Cares,  
And melts my Bleeding Heart, to dropping Tears.  
Then doth thy Love seem as unkind to me,  
To make me Stay as *Cæsar* was to thee.  
And all the broken Images of Night,  
Return by Fear redoubled to my Sight.

But when I'm thrown to th' Bottom of despair,  
I oft start up and fancy thou art here.  
Alas! but 'twas an easie kind Mistake,  
I did but thy Dear Picture for thee take.  
That Tendrest, Fairest Pledge of our Chaste Bed,  
Thy Daughter in whose Face thy Looks are read:  
So like thee, that none e're could have but she,  
More of a Father, and a Woman be.

And



And sure the Gods did in her Form design  
Me for th' allay, lest it should prove Divine.  
Nor can I ever think thee quite away,  
Whilst that dear Part of thee doth with me stay.

The next Sweet Comfort I enjoy's to see  
Thy bright Opinion of my Constancy.  
"Nor can Affliction e're those Hearts divide,  
"That ever were together firmly tied.  
"Loves Branches Joys, in Summer largest grow,  
"But the Kind Roots in Winter deepest go.  
"For Mis'ry's but the Ordeal Fire of Love,  
"Kindled by Heav'n Lovers Hearts to prove.  
"And those whose Flames were chaste and pure before,  
"It tries like Gold, and makes them shine the more.  
Mine to their Center fixt too near to move,  
By sweet desires the Meeting Lines of Love.  
Can ne're from thee their dearest Object part,  
Or break the pleasing Chain that holds my Heart,  
"Marriage that Ratifying Test of Love,  
Hath writ our Names in the blest Rolls above.  
And whilst they on that bright Record shall shine,  
I will be ever True, be ever Thine.

He whose great Hand the Seed of Nature sows,  
From whence our Will into Affection grows.  
"The Grounds of Love sure in the Humours laid,  
"And first Acquaintance in our Natures made.  
He stamp'd a sev'ral Seal on ev'ry Mind,  
And made but one to pair it in Mankind,  
And happy those that can the dear Marks find!

For when a fair soft Virgin stands to Prize,  
 The Wish and Aim of thousand longing Eyes.  
 Puts by without a Wound, the sev'ral Darts,  
 And with a Smile beholds their Bleeding Hearts,  
 Some unambitious Youth whose Eyes unknown,  
 A soft dear Likeness to her, Mind hath shown.  
 Melts all the Virgin Coyness of her Face,  
 And turns resisting to a Kind Embrace.  
 So when these Eyes thy Person did survey,  
 That Lovely Form that stole my Heart away ;  
 The am'rous Light that started forth of thine,  
 Turn'd into Flame and entred in at mine :  
 And sooner set my tender Heart on Fire,  
 Than I perceiv'd the Gentle Soft desire.  
 Gods! what delight I in thy Presence took ?  
 How lovely was each Charming Word and Look ?  
 When thou wert gone I bled with pleasing Pain,  
 Till I enjoy'd thy welcom Sight again.  
 Such Grace did on thy sweet Demeanour sit,  
 Each 'Thing seem'd handsom by thy Doing it.  
 I thought thou well might'st write the *Art of Love*,  
 When Nature did it in thy Person prove.  
 Yet still I strove to hide my Wounds in Shame,  
 And only wish'd that thou might'st prove the same.  
 But though the Virgin took the Lovers Place,  
 The Flame would often rise into my Face.  
 And thou that wert so well skill'd in that Art,  
 Didst sure perceive the Symptoms of my Heart :  
 Till Fate at last shot thee with the same Dart.

Heav'ns ! what strange Ways then did thy Love  
invent,

To warm my Heart into a chaste Consent ?

What Kind Auxiliaries didst thou call,

Where there alas ! was need of none at all.

For with a Humour natural to my Sex,

I lov'd both thee and my own Heart to vex.

And kept thee from my Breast Three Years or more,

Where thou unknown hadst entred in before.

Fair was thy Face, ingenious as thy Mind,

Thy Wit as Charming, and as sweetly kind.

Both did so well with moving Charms become,

As stole the Hearts of all the Maids in *Rome* :

Pride of thy Sex, and ev'ry Ladies wish,

Their Eyes desire, and their Hearts chief blifs.

How was I pleas'd, what inward Joies did prove,

To find my self the Center of thy Love ?

Where all thy Wand'ring dear desires were fixt,

And with my soft kind Flames as kindly mixt.

What Honest Pride upon the Wife did shine,

To know thee only and securely mine.

Ah ! who the dear Loss now can truly measure,

If thou wert then to me so rich a Treasure.

“ For none the Wounds of Grief can rightly see,

“ But those who lov'd before, and lov'd like me.

Though thy kind Letters all delight impart,

Yet was there One that pierc'd my Bleeding Heart.

Those first of thy unwelcom Lines that brought

The News of thy past Sicknes to my Thought.

For 'ts the dear sad Paper I unseal,  
 A strange unusual Heaviness I feel.  
 But when the unknown Hand within I view,  
 Thy Name subscrib'd too at the Bottom knew,  
 I trembling fell as I began to read,  
 And drop't what I fear'd thee to be nigh dead.  
 And though the eager Messenger did tell,  
 The Danger was all past and thou wert well,  
 I scarcely could him or thy Lines believe,  
 Or rest secur'd that thou wert yet alive.  
 But still I felt my own to read thy Pain,  
 —And strait broke off to question him again.  
 Till Tears flow'd so I could not read at all,  
 My fainting Hand let the sad Paper fall.  
 Which your dear Daughter rescued from the Ground,  
 And when your Name she at the Bottom found,  
 Kist it and offer'd with a pious Bow,  
*Mother, you were not wont to read this so.*  
 And with a pretty Innocent concern,  
 What I could not, did thence your Sickness learn.  
 And dropt the sad Relation in my Ears,  
 Which at my Eyes Love told agen in Tears.

But thou art well, as well as thou canst be,  
 My absent Health, whilst thou art not with me.  
 Although I ev'ry blest Occasion take,  
 That may advance my Suit and bring thee Back.  
 And oft by Friends great *Cæsars* Mind have prov'd,  
 That thou at least from *Scythia* be remov'd.  
 And once approacht his Majesty Divine,  
 To be my own Embassadour and thine.

With

With Eyes and Hair both flowing sadly Sweet,  
 My Tears and Knees fell at his Royal Feet.  
 I wisht then for the Charming Tongue of Love,  
 The Eies of Pittying Gods his Heart to move.  
 Or such sweet winning Words to take his Ear,  
 As thou hast often pour'd in mine *my Dear*.  
 But fainting here 'twixt Love and Shame I fall,  
 And but for Tears had nothing said at all.  
 His Eyes some Pitty spoke, yet so Divine,  
 I thought none ever brighter were—but thine.  
 And took me up with, *Madam cease to grieve,*  
*Those Tears we Pitty which we can't relieve:*  
*And only Power, not Compassion want,*  
*Nor must you beg what I must never grant.*  
 Thus left me to my Tears and Servants care,  
 Fainting 'twixt hot Desire and cold Despair.  
 But at thy dear Name taking fresh recruit,  
 I cast my Hopes last stake to win thy Suit.  
 And to th' Imperious *Livia* went, that she  
 Who made thy Wound might the *Physician* be:  
 And offer'd up my Life to be her Fee. }  
 How shall I the kind Story to thee tell,  
 That Scene of Sorrow to thy Thoughts reveal?  
 The sad distracted Prayers I us'd and sighs,  
 The silent *Rhetorick* of my flowing Eyes.  
 Behaviour breathing Sadness, Grief, Despair,  
 Submissive as poor dying Lovers are.  
 Moving as that I us'd to bend thy Heart,  
 To let me in thy Troubles bear a Part.

Such earnest grieving Words, such speaking Tears,  
As I to go with thee pour'd in thy Ears.

And the same ill Success though more unkind,  
As from thy Love now from her Hate I find.  
Proud Virtue fortifyed her Stubborn Heart,  
Disdain instead of Pity toucht that Part.

*He's but too mildly us'd (she cried) to dare,  
To bid you ask when I bid him despair.*

*From Tomos let him never Hope to go,  
For what is once our Will is alwaies so.*

Ah! with what Pain heard I these killing Words?  
They pierc't my Bleeding Heart like pointed Swords.  
And let forth all my Hopes, and with despair  
Fill'd the fresh Bleeding Wounds, and bitter care  
Struck me all Pale and trembling to the Ground,  
Another Banishment in them I found.  
And lost thee here agen and wept no less;  
And thou by th' first the second Grief mayst guess.

But strait as I retir'd to grieve alone,  
And that my Soul put its new mourning on,  
Discourfing o're my Sorrows with my Tears,  
False *Ibis* that incarnate Fiend appears.  
He whose soft Charming Tongue oft tun'd my Ear,  
To the sweet Musick of thy Praise *My Dear*.  
And bore the Arms of Kindness in his Eyes,  
And friendly Pity for his soft Device.  
But us'd that dear Name as a Siren Art.  
T'insinuate his Poison in my Heart.  
For when he saw my Love and Hopes o'rethrow'n,  
He thought upon their Ruin to build his Own;

Sollicits



Sollicits thy Chast Bed, and durst to own,  
 To make me break that Faith which he had done.  
 And here had my weak Arms answer'd my Heart,  
 I should have acted sure his Murd'ers Part.  
 But Virtuous Rage tied so my Tongue and Hands,  
 Anger through hast forgot its own Commands.  
 I flew from's Sight and with an honest Pride,  
 To dare to come so near to be denied,  
 Beg'd of the God of Nature to invent,  
 Plagues above Nature for his Base intent.  
 Curses like those thou gav'st him were my Prayer,  
 Though not so witty yet more bitter far.  
 And raging, that dull Grief should be so kind,  
 To leave some Streaks of Beauty still behind,  
 I tore my Hair, with Tears put forth that Light,  
 My Eyes enjoyed Temptation to invite.  
 And now my Face under a veil I wear,  
 And dress my self, unhandsom to appear.  
 Sorrow hath pluck't half of my Age from time,  
 And made my Beauty fading in its Prime.  
 My constant falling Tears rough Channels wear,  
 On those smooth Cheeks were thought so Charming Fair.  
 Didst thou thy self but my sad Picture see  
 Lean, Pale, and Wan, a live Anatomy.  
 Like some sad Story thou would'st mine express  
 In thy Ingenious *Metamorphoses*.  
 The kind *Trachinian* Queen less Sorrow knew,  
 The Pale dead Image of her *Ceyx* to view.  
 And were thy weeping *Niobe* alive,  
*Niob'* her self might learn of me to grieve.

All those pale Marks of Grief my Face doth bear,  
But Shadows are of what my Soul doth wear.  
There, there, if ever Sorrows dismal shade,  
Mixt with the Beams of Love true Colours made.  
To draw the Picture of a sad Kind Wife,  
They could not more express it to the Life.  
Should thy quick Wit its utmost Skill apply,  
That makes ev'n Nature visible to the Eye.  
Thy Art in this alone would useles prove,  
Or to describe my Sorrow, or my Love ;  
Though by thy sweet lipt *Muse* inspir'd and taught,  
On the soft Feet of Verse to set my Thought :  
My Grief I only to thy Mind can call,  
By not being able to express't at all.  
Then since I neither can thy Absence bear,  
Nor shew my Sorrows to thee as they are,  
The next Kind Letter thou from *Rome* dost see,  
Shall be my own Dear self to Dearer thee.  
That, that will tell all and thousand more,  
Sad kinder things than Womans Heart e're bore.  
Nor can I longer with my Fate agree,  
Thy Face or Deaths I am resolv'd to see,  
Though thousand Difficulties should divide,  
Ple press through all, nor will I be denied.  
*Scythia* though rough it be, hath far more Charms,  
Than pleasant *Rome*, when I am in thy Arms,  
And here I vow by what I most do prize,  
The Sacred Knot our Hearts together ties.  
If thou refuse thy dear Consent again,  
Deaths kinder Hand shall ease me of my Pain.

I'll do no more the Business of my Life,  
And take no other Food but that of Grief.

You teach me to contemn the Joys of Love,  
That in the Sphere of Sense but dully move,  
And those more Noble solid Pleasures find,  
That Souls enjoy when Love unites the Mind.  
You may delight your selves in Thoughts so cold,  
But Womens Hearts are of another Mould.  
Our Passions are too strong, Reason too weak,  
Natures too tender through such Chains to break.  
If Sense in this Life from our Hearts you move,  
You take the Optick from the Eyes of Love.  
I'th' next let it a greater Pleasure be,  
But here I'de rather see than think of thee.  
Let me but come, and clasp thee in my Arms,  
And tell me then which hath the greater Charms.  
But if Deaths fatal summons should prevent  
My lingring Hopes, and thy dear wish'd Consent.  
I'll not one hour, *my Dear*, behind thee Stay,  
But lay me down, and weep my Soul away.  
And join'd together in one Tomb and Fate,  
The Marble shall this *Epitaph* relate.

*The Memory of that Pair's kept by this Stone,  
Cæsar made Two, but Love and Death made One.  
He perisht by his Eyes, and Art of Love,  
And she from Both her welcom Fate did prove.*

F I N I S.